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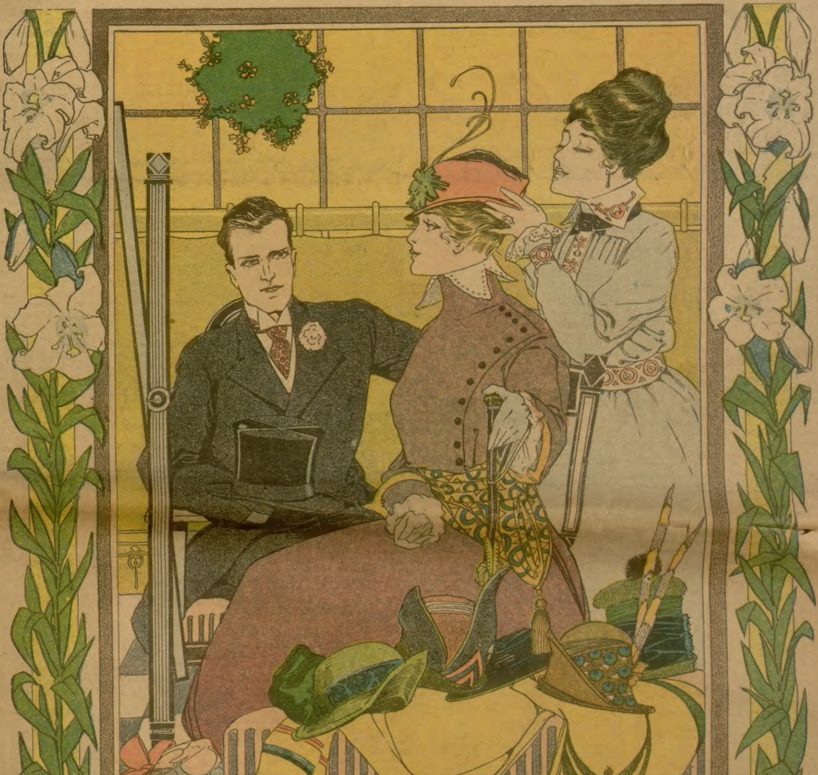

Selecting the Easter Hat

# The Jewels of Jezebel

-:- -:- Or, -:- -:-

# The Last Days of a King

### By T. C. Harbaugh

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## CHAPTER V.

When Queen Isabel found herself dumped unceremoniously into her bedchamber by orders of the King, she lay on the carpet for a moment letting out her rage thru her eyes at the giant Hugo, who had borne her thither. Hugo enjoyed her scowls, and at last whirled and passed out of the room. The Queen lay on the floor a few moments longer and then sprang to her feet.

She was the impersonation of female fury. Her blue veins stood out like little whipcords and her breath came thick and fast. Her Bavarian blood was at fever heat.

"I'll have vengeance for this!" she ejaculated. "I will show the miscreants that they have gone too far. I had the jewels in my hands, but the King took them from me. From this moment it is a battle to the finish between us. I must see Da Costa, see him ere the light of dawn."

Forthwith she began to divest herself of the elegant garb she had worn at the Orleans fete and put on plainer robes. Her hands worked deftly, despite the jewels that encumbered them, and in a short time she was ready for the adventure. By this time the storm which had played havoc in Paris had abated and the storm winds slept.

The Queen glided down the various corridors like a ghost, and at last let herself out into the street. Her plain black garb would not have let any one into her secret, but she looked everywhere while she kept one hand on a concealed dagger, for it was the hour of the thief and assaulting ruffian.

A bad night it was for the Queen of France to be abroad, a dangerous night indeed for any one underneath the cressets, but Isabel had the courage of her race and fury egged it on. Now and then she came across a band of louts who were out after the storm, plundering [illegible]ever they could, and, from their merriment, the spoil was great.

Isabel headed straight for her goal, a little dark house on the Rue des Lis, the abode of one of these scavengers who feed on the superstitions of the public, especially those higher up than the common herd.

She had almost reached her goal when a band of men darted from the mouth of an alley and started back upon sight of the Queen.

The royal hand wound itself around the hilt of the dagger, and she stepped aside to let the human wolves pass.

"Here's a pigeon!" cried one to his fellows. "Here is a bird worth plucking, by the Holy Rood!"

A pang shot to the Queen's heart.

"Let me pass, good sirs," she said, trembling all the while. "I am on an errand of mercy and——"

"That's what the last pigeon told us, and we found her ripe for plucking."

"Mercy, mercy, men!" cried the Queen.

She fell trippingly into a doorway, but the next moment she was seized and dragged out upon the pave. Her resistance was of no avail. Rough hands went thru her garments unmercifully, and the purse with which she had provided herself was seized.

"Hear how the yellow jacks jingle!" cried the thief, shaking the purse. "By the saints, fellows, we have caught the queen pigeon of the night."

Isabel gritted her teeth, but said nothing. They would let her go now since they had despoiled her. Surely there would be no more violence.

"Ho! What is this?" cried another of the band, clutching her hand. "Here's a ring that would ransom a kingdom. It's worth more than your purse contains, Jules," and the speaker tugged at the ring till the Queen shrieked for pain.

"Cut it off!" exclaimed one of the wolves. "What's a finger for a bauble like that?"

The ruffian drew a knife, but Isabel cried out anew only to find herself at the mercy of the ruthless robbing horde.

"You know not whom you rob!" she exclaimed.

"What care we so the loot is good?" grinned one of the men. "You may be the Queen herself——"

"Which I am! Behold!"

The Queen threw back her hood and revealed her face, a face which all Paris knew.

"It is the Queen!" ejaculated the leader of the night beasts. "It is Isabel of Bavaria, wife of Charles VI."

"I am none other," was the reply. "Keep what you have taken——"

"And let the ring go?"

"It is my wedding ring, messires."

"But how prettily it can be broken up and make us all rich," was the answering chuckle. "We must have it, your majesty, even if you were the Queen of Sheba," and the fellow wrenched again at the ring.

It came off by main strength, bringing flesh and blood with it, and then with loud guffaws of victory the whole gang fled and vanished in a moment.

For some moments Queen Isabel stood dazed and breathless, but at last, wrapping her finger with a silken handkerchief, she hurried away. Reaching the door of the dark little house a few minutes later, she pounded on it with the hilt of her dagger, and the portal was cautiously opened.

He who had opened the door was a little man with a leathery face, over the forehead of which was pulled the edge of a skull cap. He held the door open, and the trembling Queen slipped inside.

She was conducted to a small room which showed signs of being an astrologer's den. On a porch on the table beside the ghostly lamp sat a blinking owl which sent forth a dismal hoot in welcome of the Queen.

"First, are you a leech, Maloch?" asked the Queen, holding out her bandaged hand, the covering of which was wet with blood. "I have been assaulted and robbed."

"I am leech as well as astrologer," was the reply, and the man's dark fingers began to loosen the handkerchief.

"I see!" said he without glancing up. "You have been robbed of your ring."

"Robbed without mercy," said the Queen. "First, give my hand attention, and then to the business of the night."

When this work was done with considerable skill the old man drew back and looked into the Queen's face.

"I am here for power," said she, bestowing a glance about the room. "I want the golden draught."

"You, your majesty?"

"You sell to queens, do you not?"

"I never question my customers."

"Then let me have it and I will away."

"Upon one condition," said the astrologer. "It is not to be used against the King."

Queen Isabel started.

"I will not use it against the King," said she at last, lowering her voice. "Do you love the King?"

"Who does not love our poor mad sovereign? May the saints unite for his healing! He has enemies, I know, but the golden draught must not be put into his wine."

Queen Isabel was silent.

"Here, swear upon the missal," said the man of mystery. "Swear that from your hand Charles shall not taste the draught."

"Swear I will," was the answer, and the Queen laid her hand on the book which was thrust forward.

The old man rose to his feet and shambled across the room, watched narrowly by the woman. She saw him unlock a little closet set in the wall, and when he came back to her he carried two phials. A few drops of a yellowish fluid were poured from one phial into the other and pushed toward the Queen.

"What is the cost?" she asked.

"One thousand francs."

"But I lost them by the hands of the robber band."

"They took them all, eh?"

"Every one I had, Maloch. But I will leave this in security. The night rats missed it."

Queen Isabel drew from her bosom a bediamonded locket which she laid before the lustful eyes of Maloch.

"It is worth almost a million francs," said she.

Maloch weighed it in his hand and then sought the face of his royal customer.

"I take it," he murmured. "Strange that tonight I should receive one just like it."

Queen Isabel's look was a frozen stare.

"One just like it?" she exclaimed. "It cannot be, Maloch."

"Proof is evidence, your majesty. Let me convince you."

Maloch's yellow hand dived into the depth of his pocket and he threw something upon the table. Queen Isabel leaped to her feet with a startled cry, her gaze riveted upon the locket there.

"Who brought it to you, Maloch?"

"I must have secrets even from the Queen of France."

"Keep the secret, then. Only let me get out of this devil's nest!" and thrusting the phial into her bosom, she sprang across the chamber and was gone, and the night swallowed her up in its maw while the little bottle seemed to burn its way to the bone.

## CHAPTER VI.

On the second night after the somewhat strange events we have narrated, there arrived quietly in Paris a young sub-lieutenant of the Burgundian army by the name of Arnace de Plessis.

He had just passed his twenty-sixth birthday, was lithe and handsome, fine of figure, with a yellow mustache inclined to curl, blue eyes, and yellow hair. He would have been a noticeable person anywhere by his carriage and general personality, and more than one turned to look at him on the boulevards along which he strolled for a time after his arrival.

Paris was to him as well known as any place in his own land, for it was not his first visit to the capital. The sword he carried at his side had had more than one night bout in the darkened streets with the ruffians of the underworld, and the hand that gripped the hilt was steel.

It was a letter that had brought the young Burgundian to Paris, a letter written in a woman's hand, and brief enough to be read at a glance, for it ran as follows:

"My Dearest Arnace: Come at once. The apple is ripe and about to fall from the bough. The shadow is darkening.
"ODETTE."

Forthwith Arnace de Plessis had made haste to flit to Paris, and in order to loosen up his tired limbs had made the boulevards a place of exercise.

When he had recreated long enough to suit his pleasure, he turned in a certain direction and did not pause till he was abreast of Odette's abode.

He wondered if she were at home, or with the King, for he knew of her position, but feared not for her, for had they not made pledges of undying love ere she left Burgundy?

At length he leaped nimbly up the steps and rang. The opening of the door disclosed the face of Odette's maid, who stared at him in doubt whether to shut the door in his face or deliberately tell a lie. His handsome face probably decided the matter, for the girl held the door open. De Plessis at once stepped inside and asked for Odette.

"She is just dressing for the King," said the girl.

"I'll disturb her, but not for long," was the smiling reply. "Show me to your mistress' chamber."

The servant paced off with Arnace at her heels and opened a door on the second floor. There was a little cry of mingled surprise and pleasure from the King's friend, whose maid was arranging her hair.

"Welcome, Lieutenant!" exclaimed Odette, and then she dismissed the hairdresser and the two were alone.

Odette advanced toward De Plessis with outstretched hands and a smile on her face.

"So you have come!" she cried, drawing back and looking into his face. "I thought my letter would arouse your curiosity. The devils have invaded Paris."

"Then it is good that I brought my sword with me," was the response, "for I may have some use for it ere I see old Burgundy again."

They drew their chairs close together, and the girl did not speak again till she had filled her eyes with the old love by looking at her visitor.

"I said in my letter that the apple was ripe," she said suddenly. "They are drawing a net around the poor King. I see it tightening every day. The Queen has lost the jewels of Jezebel, those accursed gems which have come down from the wife of Ahab. Of course, she blames the loss on King Charles, but she is not open with her accusations. In the second place, the Prince of Orleans, who is the King's brother, is filling Paris with men of his own ilk, and the great Duke is hand in glove with him."

"Bad enough," said De Plessis. "How can Charles fight off all these foes?"

"Anyway, he cannot last long, for his malady grows upon him every day. I can see it more than others, for I am almost always with him, and I watch him closely. Sometimes during his tantrums I fear for my life, but no one can control him like myself."

"You are an angel, Odette," smiled De Plessis, "and I knew when you came to Paris that you were putting your foot into danger."

"But I am going to remain till the end!" responded Odette, with determination. "Not for all the treasure of the world would I desert the mad King now."

"I praise your words," exclaimed Arnace. "You have the blood of old Burgundy, and I am here to help you make a stand for the King."

"We two for Charles!" and Odette clapped her hands in delight. "We will show the conspirators that they have no easy plodding to their destination."

"Where is your hostel?" she asked immediately afterward.

"As yet I have selected none, but I thought I might obtain lodgings at the House of the Sword."

"It is not of the best."

"But good enough for a poor lieutenant like me," and a little laugh followed the last words.

"I must go now," said Odette. "We shall meet again erelong. Keep your eyes open while in Paris, for if they suspect you there will be some call for your sword."

"Fear not for De Plessis, love!" cried the Burgundian, tapping the hilt of his weapon. "This companion has never failed me."

A few minutes later Odette called back her maid, and De Plessis slipped out of the room with a hasty kiss.

He stood on the steps for a little spell and looked up at the house.

"A woman worth fighting for," he said, under his breath. "In all the world there is not another like her, and the sword of De Plessis is always at her command."

With this he drew his cloak closer about his body and plunged into the streets.

He would go to the House of the Sword to see if he could get accommodation there, and with this in his mind he set off in that direction.

De Plessis had one hobby, and that was jewelry, and when he reached a jeweler's shop with its lighted windows he stopped and began to admire the display. This was but a device to entice him into the shop itself, and he soon found himself handling a lot of jewels which were far beyond the measure of his purse.

So intent was he at his pleasure that he did not see the man who had stopped at the window and who was not looking at the jewels, but at him. Then another man joined the first, and still another, till there were four on the outside.

These night ravens—for they were

nothing better—were talking in low tones to themselves.

"That is the bird picked out for us on the boulevard," said one.

"He hasn't changed a feather of his plumage," voiced another. "The Prince, who saw him, says he must be sworded at all hazards."

"And the Prince knows," was the reply. "Shall we unfeather him here, or catch him in a better place?"

"Not here in the lights of the shops. Wait till he purchases and then we may have something to pay for the plucking."

With this the quartet withdrew to a darker spot from which they could observe the door of the jeweler's shop, and waited like a lot of wild beasts.

De Plessis did not keep them long waiting, for he soon emerged and crossed the street, much to their disappointment. They were at once at his heels. The young Burgundian had scarcely set foot on the opposite side of the pave ere he heard a voice behind him. Odette's lover instantly placed his hand on his sword and whirled on his heel. The four were almost upon him.

"Stand where you are, messire," said the leader. "We are gentlemen of leisure, and——"

"Gentlemen of leisure!" sarcastically echoed Arnace. "I have no business with such."

There was a moment of silence; then, by a preconcerted signal the street scum rushed forward, all having swords which they simultaneously displayed.

De Plessis with gritted teeth set himself against the wall and met the onrush with zeal. The first fellow was thrust thru, but the ruffian's hand clutched the blade, and for a moment De Plessis could not release it. This gave the three an advantage which they seized at once, and the Burgundian had them upon him; he was on the pavement in the twinkling of an eye.

He had no notion of yielding to the rascals, and here his strength came to his rescue. He threw them off one by one with amazing swiftness, and when he regained his feet but one stood before him. De Plessis was on the fellow at a flash, and disposed of him without mercy.

"The apple must be very 'ripe,' as Odette said," he chuckled, stooping over the form of the last man slain. "Where have I seen this face before with the scar across the cheek? I remember now! This fellow was D'Orleans' scribe when he last passed thru Burgundy. I know the scar. Have I the dogs of the Prince already at my heels?"

## CHAPTER VII.

THE young Burgundian discovered when he reached the House of the Sword that he had escaped being wounded to any great extent by the men of Orleans. He could not contrive how his coming to Paris had so soon got abroad among those who were destined to become his enemies, but he resolved to give way to none of them, but to stand by Odette, who believed that the King's life was in danger.

He had learned from letters written by Odette that Philip of Burgundy, Louis of Orleans, and the Queen herself were against mad Charles, and there was no doubt that the trio would do all in their power to accomplish their purposes.

One thing, however, he did not know, and that was that Philip really hated Orleans, and that when he learned that the Prince was smuggling armed bands into Paris he had visited Odette to learn why, but was defeated in his design by the girl's mysterious escape from her couch.

De Plessis, after attending to the few slight scratches he had received in the street encounter, went to bed to think himself asleep.

Meantime Odette had slipped into the palace and had gone straight to the King's chamber. She found Charles in the best of humor, with no signs of his old malady, and he received her with manifestations of love.

"I still guard the jewels of Jezebel," smiled the king. "My consort is wild over them."

"Let her have the accursed things," counseled Odette, with a shiver. "Give her back the gems of Ahab's wife——"

"And let her laugh in triumph?" interrupted Charles.

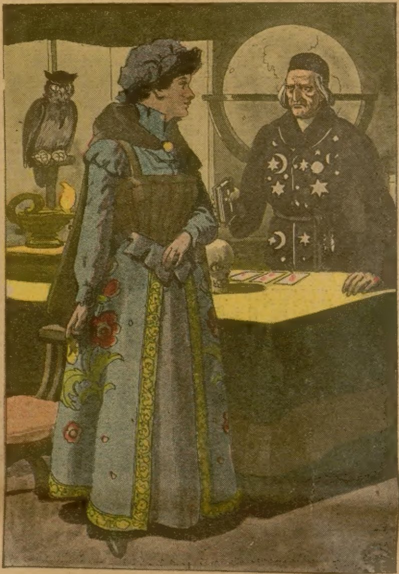
"But the prophecy says that death comes to the owner or possessor of the stones."

"I laugh at the stories of old," was the reply. "The wicked Jezebel has been dead these hundreds of years. Then how can the prophecy injure us, little one?"

Two hours elapsed ere Odette, bidding Charles good night, glided from the room, throwing back a kiss with her hand. The King sank back into his chair with a deep sigh.

His only friend in France, so far as he knew, had left him. He buried his thin face in his hands, but, impelled by a sudden thought, he sprang from the chair and, taking the jewel casket from its hiding-place, transferred it to another more secret. Having done this he changed his appearance by donning common garments, and left the palace.

It was a strange thing for the mad King to be out alone in the capital of his kingdom, but his mind worked in singular ways, and more than once he had made night excursions thru the streets, now and then entering the theaters and mingling with the people in the cafes. On this occasion he made his way to the Rue du Paradis, where the most gorgeous wineshops were, and where Paris never slept.



*"Swear upon the missal."*

Charles VI. came of a race of bold men; there was the best of royal blood in his veins, and moreover he was accounted one of the best swordsmen in France.

He moved quietly to an empty table, and in a disguised voice called for wine. Whilst it was being brought he had time to study his surroundings.

When the wine came he dashed goblet and all to the floor in a mad splutter, and began haranguing the people in incoherent words which centered him with attention.

"It is the King!" went from mouth to mouth, and in a minute nearly all the occupants of the place were on their feet. None dared go toward him. The old madness had come back again, and the poor King was giving orders to imaginary servants at the top of his voice.

At last one man went over to him and took him gently by the arm. The King shook himself loose with an oath, and the Prince of Orleans, his own brother, sprawled on the wine-wet floor.

"The man dies who touches me!" roared the madman, drawing his sword and clearing the space before him. "I am George. I am George of Burgundy. Curse your Parisian wine! It eats into the soul and destroys life."

The crowd laughed at this, tho in an undertone, but none dared go near the King.

At last he walked down the aisle toward the door, his sword drawn and madness flashing from his eyes.

"Follow him," whispered Orleans to a man at his side. "Let the King come to no harm. But should he fall among night prowlers, defend him with your life."

"That I will, my lord."

Having seen his man depart on his mission, Orleans ran in the direction of the palace, and bounding up the steps, vanished inside. Queen Isabel started to her feet with a cry when he appeared before her.

"The King is out on the streets!" cried Orleans, seizing the Queen's arm. "Now is our time to look for the casket."

The Queen cried out for joy.

"He may not come back till the light o' day," said she. "We have all the time we want. Come!"

The two raced to the King's apartment, which was not locked, and Isabel darted to the closet into which she had seen her husband deposit the jewels of Jezebel. With flushed face and eager eyes she opened the door and fell back with a cry.

"It is not here!" she exclaimed, writhing in her disappointment. "He has hidden it elsewhere in the chamber. Let us search every nook and cranny. There may be concealed springs in the walls. Sound them everywhere. Make a thoro search——"

"But if the King should come?"

"I have this!" broke in the Queen, displaying a silver-hilted dagger from beneath her gown.

The pair went to work with eagerness. Not an inch of the walls escaped their scrutiny. At length Queen Isabel paused out of breath and burning with madness.

"Where can he have hidden the casket?" she cried, facing her companion. "What secret place has he that we have not sounded? The King is cunning in his madness. He can outwit Beelzebub and all his angels."

"Maybe he intrusted the casket to the girl, Odette?" suggested Orleans.

"She was in the palace this very night," returned the Queen. "I have a feast for her," and Isabel laughed maliciously. "Erelong there will be no Delilah of Burgundy."

Once more they went around the room, but the search was as futile as the other had been. They came back to the table empty-handed.

"Certainly the King would not take the casket with him into the streets?" said Orleans.

"What if the jewels should fall into the hands of a band of night prowlers?" almost screamed Isabel. "It rends my heart to think of it."

"Remember that Charles knows the sword," said Orleans. "He is able to take care of himself anywhere."

"The best blade fails sometimes. I have seen that with my own eyes."

"That is quite true, your majesty," admitted Orleans. "The King must have hidden the jewels somewhere."

"And a good hider he is. A year ago he hid my watch, and it is yet hidden, thanks to his disordered brain," and the Queen smiled dolefully.

They quitted the chamber, softly closing the door, and at the head of the grand staircase the Queen took leave of Orleans.

"Now for my work," said she, running back to the King's chamber and bursting into it like a Biscay gale. "I will see what Maloch's skill can do."

She went over to the wine closet set in the wall, and drew forth a bottle, which she carried over to the table.

"But one person uses this wine, and that one is not the King," said she, a smile of jealousy on her lips. "No one drinks of this red vintage but the witch from Burgundy. The King keeps it especially for her."

With steady fingers Queen Isabel removed the cork, and then drew from her bosom a phial which contained a few drops of a yellowish liquor.

"It is the draught which summons people to the Bar of Judgment before their time. How many drops did Maloch say? Six? I will give her good measure," and holding the phial over the bottle she counted six drops of the liquor, which she sent to mingle with the crimson wine.

"There, my witch!" she exclaimed with a ferocious smile. "There is your passport to paradise. May you have a pleasant voyage, are the last words of Isabel of France."

The bottle was replaced in the secret closet, and the Queen passed from the chamber. Halting in the dim corridor without, she stopped and looked back. Something was crawling along the floor toward her. At sight of it Isabel fled with a shriek.

"One of the King's serpents has escaped from its cage!" fell in horrified tones from her lips. "Its bite is death," and shutting her door between her and the reptile, she fell half-fainting into a chair, her beautiful face as white as snow.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE poor demented King of France, practically a prisoner in the royal palace, was an object of pity. He had few friends, but those who stood by him were stanch and true. He had the people on his side, but what could they do against the nobles who were of the Queen's service in the plot she had formed?

Charles had been merciful with his people; he would have led them against the English, with whom France was at war, but his malady forebade. Queen Isabel had placed Orleans at the head of the armies, but that conspirator refused to take the field, for he was needed in Paris, where the plot against the king was ripening, an apple about to fall from the tree, as Odette had written De Plessis.

The mad King was soon to have another champion, and from an unexpected quarter. Duke Philip of Burgundy, jealous ever of the power of Orleans, heard with surprise that the Prince was bringing bands of armed men into the city, and had noticed of late that he had been growing in favor with the Queen.

This is what led him to consult Odette after his wife had informed him of the doings of Orleans, and he resolved to have it out with the Prince at the first opportunity. His adventures at the Orleans fete confirmed his suspicions, and his hatred of that personage was so great that he resolved to connect his fortunes with the King's.

When wolves fall out blood is apt to flow and the fight be long and stubborn.

The day after the adventures of De Plessis that worthy sat in front of the House of the Sword recalling his little bout with the Prince's men. His trivial wounds were not bothering him, and he was in merry mood, wondering how his love was coming on with Odette.

He failed to notice a man who was approaching him, and was not aware of his presence till he was addressed.

"Seems to me, messire," said the voice, "that you remind me of my own country."

Arnace studied the speaker for a moment, and then answered with a smile.

"I am from Burgundy, my lord, but I did not hope for the pleasure of your acquaintance so soon."

Philip drew nearer to De Plessis and took a seat on the bench beside him.

"I presume you have come to Paris for adventure?" said he, after taking an inventory of the young Lieutenant's person. "Paris is the magnet that draws the world."

"So it would seem."

"When did you arrive?"

"But yesterday."

"Then you haven't had time to have the usual adventures?"

"Methinks I had a good one but last night. I was beset by a lot of night bats, but I guess at least two of them will never again serve Orleans."

There was a quick start on the Duke's part.

"You must be careful, man, how you speak the name of Orleans in Paris."

"Must I go into an empty room and speak it in a whisper?" exclaimed De Plessis. "Has this man grown so great that one dare not even think of him? Well, all I can say is he has lost a secretary."

"How so?"

"Oh, the fellow in his zeal ran against my blade last night with the usual results."

"What, did you finish him?" cried Burgundy.

"No," answered Arnace, "he finished himself. He just ran against a sword, you know."

"A good riddance, no doubt," chuckled the Duke. "What did the posse seem to want with you?"

"A little bloodletting, nothing more, perhaps. It is strange. I came to Paris quietly, but I wasn't here long before I had the men of Orleans at my heels."

Philip leaned back and looked at De Plessis again.

"Didn't love have something to do with your coming to Paris?" he asked bluntly. "Young fellows like you don't go off on adventures unless there's a woman in the case."

Arnace flushed to the temples.

"I may as well confess first as last," he replied, with a little laugh. "Cupid brought me to Paris."

"I thought so. And you have seen your love?"

"To be sure I have. You don't think one could remain long from a woman like Odette?"

The Duke threw up his hands with an exclamation of genuine surprise.

"You mean the King's companion?" he said.

"Yes."

"Well, this is indeed news. The girl loves Charles——"

"But not as she loves Arnace de Plessis," was the instant interruption. "She came to Paris with my consent, for we swore love on the banks of our favorite river, and she is as pure today as when I saw her last."

"I have seen her often," replied the Duke. "There is no evil in the girl's eyes."

"And never can be," confirmed the young soldier.

"You haven't been here long enough," resumed the Duke, after a little pause, "to know of the state of affairs in Paris."

"Only what Odette told me."

"And she should know much. Orleans is filling the city with armed men, rascals from more than one country."

"So Odette informed me."

"This means something," exclaimed Philip of Burgundy. "The King is mad, as mad as a March hare. Odette is the only person who can control him, and once or twice she has nearly failed. There is a person who longs to be Charles VII., and a Queen who is a tigress, especially since she has lost the jewels of Jezebel."

De Plessis gave the Duke a look which was an interrogation.

"The King gave her as a wedding gift a box of pearls which are said to have been the property of Jezebel, the wife of Ahab. Legend has it that every one who has had it in his or her keeping died a violent death. But now the jewels are missing and Queen Isabel rages like a lion."

"And she cannot find the jewels of Jezebel?" asked De Plessis.

"They have escaped her thus far, as I have it from good authority. Her rage delights me."

"I would think she would set the ferrets of Paris upon the trail."

"Perhaps she has gone thus far," pursued Philip. "Nothing is said to escape the eyes of Raoul, the head of the royal secret finders. It makes me laugh to think of the Bavarian losing her accursed jewels," continued the Duke, and then he laid his hand on the other's arm. "How long shall you remain in Paris?" he asked.

"Until I have been spitted by one of Orleans' men, I suppose."

"Then you are in for adventure?"

"Adventure and love, my lord. Can I be of any service to you?"

"Of much service. Just now I am looking for men like yourself, good fellows with the blade, and I know such come from old Burgundy. You look good to me, messire."

"Remember, I am to do nothing against the King," Arnace replied. "It seems to me, sir, that I have heard that you have trained with the Queen and Orleans."

"Not of late," answered the Duke. "My eyes have been opened. I am no longer blind. I, too, have had a little clash with the minions of Orleans, and came off first best. Will you enter my service, messire?"

"On condition that at the same time I enter the service of the King, Charles VI."

"When you serve me you serve the King."

"Then I am yours!" exclaimed De Plessis, grasping the Duke's hand. "I discover that I have not come to Paris for nothing."

"Good! You have not! I shall give you work at once."

"I was never used to idleness."

Philip rose to his feet and looked down upon his recruit a few moments in silence. He noted his firm mouth, his white hands, and the general contour of his well-made body.

"Do you know Paris?" he suddenly asked.

"As well as I have known my birthplace."

"Do you know where the Rue Bastiani is?"

A broad smile came to the young soldier's lips.

"Aye, sir. The first time I came to Paris I had an adventure there."

"In the middle of the street stands a house with a projecting porch with pointed windows above it."

"The very place where I had my adventure."

"It is not far from the Seine."

"But a few steps."

"Very well. In the old house lives a woman called the Devil's Sister, tho she has a real name. She is in my way. Here is my first command. Go to that house and throw its occupant into the Seine."

"I am no murderer, my lord!" cried Arnace, rising.

"But you have sworn yourself into my service. Go about your duty, sir. From this moment you belong to me!" And in another moment De Plessis was alone.

This remarkable story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00 and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

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# MARVIN HIMSELF

## By Arthur W. Peach

THE whole situation changed in the twinkling of an eye. He had entered the dark, still, night-shadowed house with the advice of a friend whom he trusted ringing in his ears. He was to pack what personal things he wanted, and take the next steamer for Europe; while he was gone, his friends would fight his battle.

Marvin had demurred; he was leaving his wife, his business, and would be [illegible] guilty by reason of his flight; yet he had faced the situation squarely: On the sworn evidence of a man highly regarded in the city he would be convicted of a crime he did not commit; he had blundered, but his error in the management of his business was not criminal; it was Myers' evidence that made it so. Myers was his competitor, and would believe no good of him; he was determined to give his evidence. There was nothing before Marvin but jail and a long sentence unless—he fled. His wife understood; she had taken the servants and gone to their country place. The house had been quiet and dark; in a few moments he would have been away, to wait the long fight his friends would wage for him, in all probability in vain.

Marvin's thoughts were bitter, and life seemed an empty and useless thing; but he had planned his flight in hope. Then that moment in which he looked out the window into the dusk had proved to him that, tho man can plan for the days and years, he cannot plan for the next moment.

For twenty years he had looked out on that lawn, and he knew every turn of it, every bush, and what he had seen was neither bush nor shrub, but a living, moving shadow out under the corner tree. It was plain enough to him what was up. His entrance there had been spotted; some way word had got out that he might go, probably—a hundred theories raced thru his mind. One fact remained clear—his house was surrounded by representatives of the city police force; in a word, he was trapped by the men he had hoped to escape, and at the last moment.

For a wild instant, he was tempted to ask them in; then he remembered what it meant—years behind bars! Some way, he must get out; some way he must break thru the net. The question was—how?

He looked out again into the night; still the shadow stood under the tree. For some reason or other they were waiting; while they waited, he would find a way.

As he walked the room in a sweat, trying to plan, he grew desperate enough to attempt anything; but he knew every window, every aperture would be watched; and he would be nailed before he touched the ground. He could not hide in the house—such an idea would be rank cowardice and folly. He was cornered, caught!

He sat down on the bed, expecting every moment to hear the ring of the bell that would show the time had arrived. Probably, they were waiting for some superior, or even a warrant which would enable them to break in; such things had happened.

As Marvin thought, the old courage that had come up to save him in a business crisis rose to his need. He jumped up and peered out again. The figure was still there.

He opened the closet door to throw in his grip, thinking that he might work his scheme of escape by climbing on the house roof and working into the great tree at the back, then down. It was a foolhardy stunt, but he was out to try any game.

As he looked in the door of the closet, a glint of something bright caught his eye. He stopped short, shook something from a peg, and threw it onto the bed; then two other things followed. He was a little grim, but he chuckled as he began to draw it over his own clothes. He finished the job, crowded a large roll of bills in his pocket and stood out in the room.

"Lucky I saved this old masquerade ball suit. I'm the finest-looking 'cop' in the business!" he complimented himself.

He looked the part, and he knew he could bluff the part; it would take supreme nerve, but he had it. So, dressed in a policeman's suit, he stole downstairs; with care and caution, he edged his way to the kitchen, and carefully unlocked the door. He would have to make his escape that way if any.

Knowing the rooms perfectly, he could move with ease thru the darkness. From the kitchen he went into the den off the living-room and waited.

Hours seemed to pass, in which the moisture fairly dampened every bit of him as he waited; and it was not due to the two suits he was wearing; the suspense was trying almost beyond endurance. As he listened in the dusk, knowing what was outside, yet hearing no sound, he began to wonder if his sight and hearing had gone back on him.

Suddenly he remembered that he had locked the front door; that would never do, so with cautious movement he reached it and unlocked it.

Hardly had he returned to the hidden den when there was the quick pounding step of two men on the porch, and a moment later the bell rang—once—twice; then the door was tried, and a heavy voice said: "That's funny, I'd think he'd have this place locked up a little; pass the word around to the back; keep the boys at the windows; and I'll go thru the house first."

Swiftly, Marvin drew back toward the kitchen, waited a moment, then started back.

"Hullo!" a tense voice greeted him from the darkness. "Who's that? You, Knapp?"

"Yes," Marvin answered.

"I told Smith to tell you to hold the door in the rear; Shaffner is at the front; now, go back. I imagine we'll find him upstairs scared or a suicide. Where's the d—d switch?"

Marvin mumbled something, thankful in his heart that his superior had mentioned the switch. As Marvin slid by it on his way to the kitchen, he wrenched it, so that the house would not be lighted that night, or at least, until he was away.

In the open kitchen door a figure was standing; Marvin went up to him cautiously, with helmet down low. "Say, Knapp—Shaffner—change with me—front door!" Marvin said gutturally, as a man speaks when under high tension, yet wishing to appear unconcerned.

"All right; that old fool doesn't know what he wants!" With sarcastic comment of such nature, Knapp went on into the dark.

Marvin waited but a moment, then stepped out a little. There was no one other than himself in guard at the back. With infinite caution, he drew down the steps and slipped toward the barn; a second later, he was on his way to freedom behind the hedge. He reached the street corner, and dropping behind the wall that followed the sidewalk, he listened. No sound coming, he got up and started down the street, planning to carry his "cop" disguise as long as he could, fearing he might meet some too inquisitive gentleman if he did not.

Suddenly, the belching glare of an automobile swinging from down the hill to the top before he had a chance to jump caught him full, and the next moment he was hailed.

"Hey, you! You with McPherson?" an authoritative voice called.

"Yes, sir," Marvin answered.

"Tell him to quit; that cussed Myers has blown up on the case; says he don't know as Marvin did the job with intent to break the law; won't testify; so the jig's up. Tell Mac what I've said, and ask him to hustle back. There's a murder case on," the hurried voice said.

Marvin stood there for a moment, tempted to whirl his club, and do a most undignified war-dance all by himself. He checked the desire, and without thinking of the rig he had on, he headed for his house.

Some clever chap had readjusted the switch, and the house was alight from top to bottom.

"Bet they're wondering where J. B. is," Marvin thought, smiling to himself.

As he entered the room eight curious faces stared at him.

"Who in h—l are you?" McPherson demanded, and reaching over, took off the helmet.

The veteran gasped and almost sat down. "Marvin himself, by the gods!" He recovered. "What does this mean!" he demanded.

Marvin explained his masquerade, and also what he had been told.

"Don't believe it!" the grizzled fighter said.

"There's the 'phone," suggested Marvin.

A few words, and McPherson turned. "Marvin, if you ever get tired of the banking business, come around, I'll give you a job!"

* * *

### Idling Away Time.

"Please state to the court exactly what you did between eight and nine o'clock Wednesday morning," said a lawyer to a delicate-looking little woman in the witness box.

"Well," she said, after a moment's reflection, "I washed my two children and got them ready for school, and sewed a button on Johnny's coat and mended a rent in Nellie's dress. Then I tidied up my sitting-room and made two beds, and watered my plants, and glanced over the morning paper. Then I dusted my parlor and set things to rights in it, and washed some lamp chimneys and combed the baby's hair and sewed a button on one of her little shoes; and then I swept my outside steps, and brushed and put away the children's Sunday clothes, and wrote a note to Johnny's teacher asking her to excuse him for not being at school on Friday. Then I fed my canary and cleared off the breakfast table and gave the grocer's boy an order, and then I sat down and rested a few minutes before the clock struck nine. That's all."

"All!" said the dazed lawyer. "Excuse me, your honor; I must get my breath before I call the next witness."

# THE MICHAUX Z-RAY

## Or, The Criminal Investigator

### By Harry Stephen Keeler

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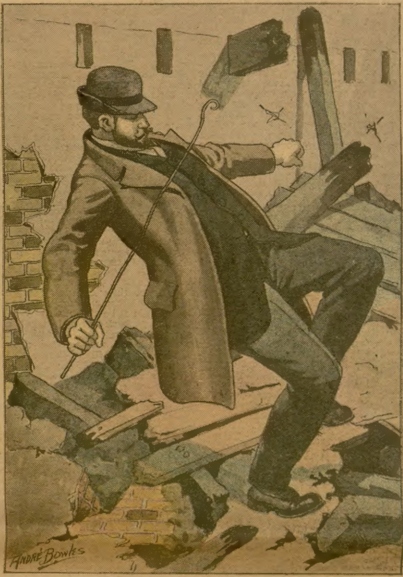

*Then he staggered backward.*

### CHAPTER XIII.

BILLY M'CLINTOCK stopped squarely in his tracks. Overcome with surprise as he was, his lower jaw dropped open. Then he strode quickly forward and wedged himself in the small half circle of curious onlookers who were surveying the blackened timbers. And suddenly, like a flash, one thought shot across his mind:

"The Michaux Z-ray caused it!"

But on the heels of this first thought rushed another set of questions. When had the fire taken place? Where had it started? Had any one been killed? And where was Victor Michaux?

He looked around him and again spied the officer, standing at the same spot on the curbing, twirling his club and occasionally glancing warily toward the ever-shifting circle of spectators. There were sociable policemen and policemen that bristled with authority and hostility—as he knew from long residence in Chicago. So he decided to chance a question of this one in the hope that the latter would prove to be in a genial mood and willing to give out some information that might illuminate his three self-imposed queries. And crossing over to where the bluecoat stood, Billy asked:

"I beg your pardon, sergeant"—and they say the Mc's have no diplomacy—"but I just landed here to have an interview with a gentleman who moved in today at that number—" he pointed at the wreckage—"but I find everything in ruins. Can you give me any information as to what's become of the occupants; what caused the fire—and so forth?"

"Considerin' that ye've reached here too late, 'tis meself will be glad to give ye all th' information I have," said the bluecoat, smiling a broad Irish smile. "F'r it happens that I'm th' new officer on th' beat. Can't tell ye much, tho. Th' old shack went up in smoke about a hour an' a half since. There were plenty of time f'r th' landlady to beat it—an' none of th' few roomers was there when she started to crackle."

"And what caused the fire, offi—sergeant?"

"'Tis that that's a mystery to me," returned the other, loquaciously. "I was right here two minutes after she started. An' say—but she was dry. I did think that th' fire boys were never goin' to get here—but they finally come. An' I'm thinkin' that they just kept it from spreadin' to th' two brick buildin's on each side of her. At any rate, when they did finally drench 'er out, th' floors had gone in an' she was just a skelington of blackened wood like you see her now."

"And none of the occupants were hurt?" ventured Billy eagerly.

"No wan was hurrt. Th' landlady went up the street to her sister's, w'at runs another cheap dump farther on near th' Clark street bridge. An' th' old bedbuggy joint only had wan other roomer, I believe. A felly who took a room just tonight. A tall guy with a beard—who I was talkin' to not more than twenty minutes before you come up."

"By George!" exclaimed Billy. "That's Victor Michaux, the particular man I wanted to see. Was he surprised at what happened? Did he say where he was going to spend the night?"

"Well, he was surprised, all right, all right. You'd 'a' thought he'd lost everything he had in the world, he was so dumfounded. He asked me a few questions like yourself, told me that he'd rented a room there earlier in th' evenin', an' then blew north t'ward Division street to get another bed f'r th' night—so's he said."

"I see," said Billy. Evidently he had accumulated about all the information that he could. The Michaux Z-ray had impinged on something inflammable in his absence, had started the fire, and by the time Michaux himself had returned from his trip southward, he had been confronted with the results of his own dangerous engine. And a feeling of intense satisfaction filled Billy's soul when he realized that the Z-ray machine—the present model, at any rate—must surely have been totally destroyed in the conflagration. But as he was about to thank the policeman and turn away, a new question appeared to him.

"I noticed, sergeant," he ventured, "that you stated that the landlady had but one roomer, my friend, who, after all, was only a transient. How in the dickens could she pay rent with a trade of one lodger or less a night?"

A perplexed look came over the bluecoat's countenance. He scrutinized the younger man's face carefully for a moment, and apparently convinced that the question was a natural one, replied:

"An' that's what has always puzzled me durin' the few weeks I been on th' beat. Kelly, what trotted th' beat before me, tipped me off to keep my eye peeled f'r crooked work of some kind on the part of that landlady. As a matter of fact, th' rent wasn't coughed up by her at all. It was paid by a felly what runs a metal works an' model factory across th' rear alley. If you'll squint way back of th' burned house you'll see th' red brick buildin' loomin' up."

But Billy was too startled to follow the man's suggestion. Here was a brand new mysterious turn to events. The fact that in the rear of this burned shack was a model factory was not in the least odd. The fact that a rooming-house did not take in an income sufficient to pay its own rent, which, however, would be very, very small on account of its dilapidated condition, was not one to be easily explained. But the fact that Michaux, with his most dangerous and valuable model, the Z-ray machine, had taken lodgings in such a place was the most suspicious of all. Michaux, the model factory, the fire, and the hopeless income of the shack were four circumstances that showed some hidden connection. And it looked very much now as tho this connection was one that was to remain hidden.

He thanked the bluecoat and returned to the group of few remaining onlookers. For a long while, completely fascinated, he stared at the blackened ruins; and he held his ground until only himself and one other man were left. Then, realizing that staring at the place was a sheer waste of time, he turned his steps northward toward Scott street and the Devonshire.

When he reached the two graystone pillars that marked the entrance of his boarding-house, he glanced at his watch and found that it was nearly midnight. So he let himself quietly in the hallway and walked soft-footedly up the carpeted stairs and past the landings, each of which was lighted by the night bulb that Lilywhite switched on every evening at ten o'clock.

When he stepped into his room a slight feeling of apprehension seized him, but he realized that such a fear was utterly unwarranted, for the black satchel that had created such havoc was not only no longer on his bureau, but out of existence altogether—and for good. The bed itself held clean, snowy bedclothes, slightly turned back by Lilywhite when she had made it up that evening. And she had opened the window which led out on the fire-escape, with the result that the room was full of fresh, clean, Lake Michigan air.

Billy drew down the shade, sat down on his bed and soberly divested himself of his clothing, garment by garment. Then he wound up his alarm clock and set it for seven o'clock next morning. He unbuttoned the tight neck of his pajama suit and snapped off the single 32-candle power bulb that was lighting the room. This done, he raised the shade and crawled into bed.

But, exactly as he had feared, sleep refused absolutely to come. He tossed back and forth, his mind torn by Carolle's peculiar action, the shock of his aunt's death, and the host of other unexplainable occurrences of the evening. Once he dozed off slightly, only to awake with a start when he heard the single "ting" which indicated that the wall clock in the vacant room next to his own had struck either one or half-past one.

In turn he heard two o'clock strike, two-thirty, and three. Again he dozed off and found himself in a weird dream where Carolle seemed to be in the arms of a brown-bearded man, and his aunt, with that terrible stare in her face, sat nearby and played with a peculiar humming machine that spouted millions of bright sparks. But the sparks became so bright that he awoke suddenly and heard the wall clock strike four. For a full hour he lay in bed, trying desperately to forget everything for a while and get back into some semblance of sleep, so that he might secure enough energy to take care of tomorrow's tasks at Berkely & Lang's. But sleep seemed to have become completely banished for the rest of the night.

When five o'clock came he sat up despairingly on the edge of the bed. To lie there was maddening. And he began to wonder whether a brisk walk along the lake shore where the all-night fishermen were stationed would quiet him down and quicken the passage of time till morning. So, acting on the impulse, he dressed hurriedly, took up his hat, and tiptoed quietly downstairs and out on the sidewalk. A walk of a block eastward brought him to the lake shore. Far down on the water's edge he could make out the irregular line of twinkling lanterns that marked the presence of persevering fishermen. Altho a cold, damp fog was blowing in from the lake, the east, as yet, showed only the faintest trace of dawn. And as he stood there, not knowing whether to turn southward or northward, he heard the hollow, groaning sound of the fog horn out near the Government pier.

He turned northward, finally, and walked about a thousand feet. Again he stopped, seized by an irresistible desire to view last night's ruins. So when he found himself even with the second pair of converging arc lamps that marked Elm street, he turned down it and followed the damp, deserted sidewalks till he reached North Clark street.

From the corner he could see the whole thing as he had the night before, the burned wreckage sandwiched in between the two substantial, tall buildings on either side of it. But this time not a soul was on the street.

He leaned up against the identical spot on the deserted garage wall that had protected him from view not twelve hours before. He had hardly done so, however, before the two entire rows of arc lamps on each side of the street went out with a sharp click, burning green for a second and then fading away entirely. For dawn had come at last, and the operators in the city power sub-stations had drawn their high-voltage switches.

Billy glanced up toward the sky and studied the increased grayness for a moment. Again his eyes dropped to the street and the dozens of fog wreaths steaming up from the asphalt. But as he glanced southward he noticed with surprise a figure approaching on the other side. He continued to watch it. It proceeded as far as the wreckage. But there it stopped.

It was Michaux—come back to the fire ruins for some reason! Billy knew it the moment he made out the brown suit and the indistinct smudge on the man's chin that indicated the presence of a beard. But what was he expecting to do or see there at this time of morning?

Billy slid sidewise and flattened himself back in a depression that once had been a doorway, but which was now bricked up. From that point of vantage he watched the man across the street. That the latter was deeply concerned about the ruins was plain, for he paced up and down, stopping every now and then to peer carefully back among the charred beams.

Now, however, a grinding, wheezing owl car crawled down the street and cut off Billy's view completely. But as soon as it had passed he discovered that something had taken place during the time in which the scene had been obscured. Michaux had clambered carefully up on the wreckage and seemed to be making a more thoro study of the devastation than ever. Once he stooped over and, fumbling with his hands, stood erect again with a long piece of stiff wire. For a few seconds he manipulated it in his hands, apparently straightening it out and bending one of its ends into a hook. And like a flash his intentions became plain to Billy.

He was hoping to recover the Michaux Z-ray machine by probing in the debris. And if this were so, its nature was not such as to render it destructible by fire.

Michaux stepped back and forth on the wreckage. Finally he stopped in one certain spot and peered down thru an opening between two partly burned and overlying timbers. Three times in succession he lighted a match and looked down in. Then, obviously satisfied of something, he inserted his hooked wire; and after steadying himself with one hand on a water pipe at the edge of the adjacent brick building, he lowered it as slowly as tho he were performing a delicate surgical operation.

Without letting his gaze wander by an inch, Billy watched him, wondering whether the man had really caught a glimpse of the remains of his invention down between the timbers, or if he were misled by a resemblance. But then a startling thing happened.

Michaux suddenly let forth a strange, piercing cry. At the same time he stiffened up convulsively and stood as rigid as a pole. For only a brief second, tho, did he hold that posture. Then he staggered backward a few feet and collapsed in a heap at the very edge of the wreckage.

## CHAPTER XIV.

BILLY M'CLINTOCK'S first impulse was to get away from the neighborhood as fast as a stout pair of lower limbs could carry him. But his second impulse was to dart across the street, and, if that strangely silent body were still living, to drag it away from the spot, away entirely from the dangerous region of the Michaux Z-ray machine.

And so, as a result of these two conflicting impulses, he stood in hopeless indecision where he was, flattened against the garage wall, not knowing whether his wisest course was to run at top speed or to creep cautiously across the street and investigate the body, which still lay where it had fallen, not moving by so much as an inch.

He took a quick glance up and down Clark street. Not a soul was in sight. The sky had become still brighter in the last few moments. Far down the street, almost to the Chicago River, he could make out the tail lights of the owl car that had wheezed by a short while before. And at that instant he decided to take a chance—to drag the body away—and to get help by some means or other.

He shot across the street. But at the opposite curb he slowed down and approached the wreckage with the most extreme caution. He looked up at the downward hanging body of the man in the brown suit—and then reached out his hand and touched it gingerly. Nothing happened. In a sudden mad impulse of fear, he raised both arms, seized it around the shoulders, and let it slide to his own shoulders, and from there to the sidewalk. Then, half lifting it, half dragging it, he conveyed it from the mass of ruins to the very edge of the sidewalk itself. But even then, as he was about to relinquish his grip on it, more fear of the unknown powers of the Z-ray surged thru him, and he dragged the body hastily away, twenty, thirty, forty feet from the burned house.

He looked up and down the street again. But still no one was in sight. So he kneeled down and made a hasty examination from that position. He caught the glint of an expensive watch charm and a massive gold chain. But the body itself was either in a state of profound coma, or else—and he realized it instinctively—dead! To make sure, he leaned far down and pressed his ear to Michaux's chest. But he could detect nothing.

Billy arose unsteadily to his feet. Still bewildered, he looked about him, half hoping to catch sight of an early pedestrian—even a morning newsboy—who could go for help. But—and perhaps it was best, after all—he saw no one; if he had, his presence near the body at such an hour of morning would have been looked upon with suspicion. But as he glanced up Clark street the last time, he made out the twinkling electric sign that projected from the store at the corner of Division street:

DRUGS.  
OPEN ALL NIGHT.

And that rendered the solution of his problem quite clear. Plainly, all he could do was to get to the drug store without any more delay, telephone the nearest emergency hospital, and tell them briefly of the presence of the body—living or dead—not far from 1132 North Clark street.

So without even a backward glance he hurried up the street, stooping as he walked to brush off the mud and charred wood that clung to his trouser knees. Within a half-minute he reached the all-night drug store and walked in. A clerk, sitting at an open prescription book with his head lying on the open leaves and the faintest suggestion of a snore coming from his nostrils, did not even look up as Billy nodded mechanically and marched into the 'phone booth adjacent to the door.

But the latter did not take the time to thumb over the hospital addresses in the classified index. Instead, he simply asked the 'phone girl for a connection with the nearest emergency station, and dropped in his nickel. After a hurried clicking and buzzing, a man's voice answered:

"Passavant Memorial Hospital talking. Emergency wire."

"There's a man," explained Billy, hurriedly, "lying in a state of insensibility—or else death—on North Clark street near Elm. His body is close to the edge of the sidewalk. He's not drunk—that's certain. Can you people send an ambulance for him—or must I call up another hospital?"

"We'll shoot out the emergency wagon at once," said the male voice at the hospital switchboard. "What's your own name—so we can fill out our report complete?"

Billy hesitated for a second. Then he replied:

"I'd prefer not to give my own name. I merely took the trouble of calling up—and beyond that I don't want to be connected with the affair. Will that be satisfactory?"

"'Sall right. We'll have the night ambulance there in a jiffy. Much obliged. Good-by."

Followed by the sleepy eyes of the night drug clerk who had now come to life again, Billy left the drug store and stood on the curbing. Then he crossed Division street and passed half-way down the block. The sky was now so bright that far away on Clark street he could make out a newsboy with his early morning papers crossing the tracks, and still farther away a white milk wagon scurrying from door to door. But his attention was riveted upon the shapeless brown mass a half block from him which marked the location of Michaux—or all that was mortal of Michaux. As he stood where he was he saw a man, clad in striped overalls and jumper, and carrying a carpenter's tool chest on his shoulder, swing around the corner of Elm and Clark. The latter lowered his tool chest and stared from the mass of burned wreckage to the thing at the edge of the sidewalk. He reached out a cautious foot and prodded the body gently with his toe.

But as Billy remained exactly where he was, wondering whether it was advisable for him to stay in the vicinity with no tangible excuse for being there, he heard a metallic clang and saw a white ambulance draw up to the curb.

A man dressed in white duck sprang off the seat in company with the driver. They knelt down and appeared to be examining the body of Michaux, occasionally looking up and asking something of the carpenter, who shrugged his shoulders each time. Finally, however, they produced a pair of canvas stretchers, rolled them under the body, slid the whole thing in the rear of the white vehicle, and drove off with a loud clang of their bell.

There was obviously no necessity for Billy's remaining any longer in the neighborhood. The long-looked-for morning had arrived. But he no longer thought about going to work that day. All he wanted now was to reach a place of solitude and quietness where he could think out the whole matter. Had the Michaux Z-ray machine wiped out the career of only a woolly dog, of his aunt, and set on fire a miserable wooden shack, and then itself been totally destroyed, nothing could have been gained by bringing it to the attention of the authorities. But had it been wiped out of existence itself?

Evidently not, for it had found its third victim—or its second human victim—in no less a person than its owner and inventor. And this being the case, it constituted a source of danger to every individual in a certain—but unknown—radius. And the men who afterward must clear away the wreckage would meet the same fate unless warned.

No, he concluded emphatically, as he reached the two graystone pillars of the Devonshire, it was up to him to tell what he knew to some one—some one in authority, too—so that no more of these dread tragedies could happen.

He let himself in, and walked up to his room. Downstairs in the kitchen he could hear the faint clatter of dishes that heralded the approach of breakfast at the Devonshire. He opened his door, closed it with himself on the inside, and flung himself down on the tornup bed to think out his next step.

Yes, it was his duty to the next possible victim—or victims—to give out the information that down in the wreckage at 1132 North Clark street was death—and death in its most swift and certain form. But if this revelation were to affect Carolle, then——

Strangely enough, however, he felt both light-hearted and heavy-hearted at the same time. Victor Michaux was out of the way for good, an unfortunate Frankenstein to his own monster. And this being so, Carolle's infatuation—if that were all it consisted of—could no longer have an object. But if her feeling had been more than an infatuation—if she had loved Michaux—then what satisfaction would it be for him, Billy McClintock, to go back to her, to win her over again, to marry her? It could be only an unfortunate mating, for Michaux's shadow would always hover between them.

When seven o'clock came, the buzzer on his wall gave four long buzzes, the signal that was transmitted to every room in the Devonshire just before breakfast time. Ten minutes later the melodious clang of a great pair of Chinese gongs downstairs announced that the dining-room was open. But he did not heed it. His appetite was gone, and he wondered if it were ever to return.

During the next thirty minutes he heard over and over again the slam of the big front door and the sound of footsteps—the sound that each morning accompanied the departure of the Devonshire guests for the great downtown loop where most of them worked. Then, after a short lull, came the two shrill blasts of the mailman's whistle. After the whistle had proceeded to the next house he heard a bicycle grate against the curbing, and a long ring at the doorbell. Shortly after he heard footsteps in the top floor outer hall, and he knew that Lilywhite was distributing the morning's mail. So, from his position on the bed, he watched the wire basket that was attached to the inside of his door directly below the hinged letter slot.

Presently the cover raised with a snap and an envelope shot thru into the basket. But it was yellow instead of white. He sprang up, took it out, and tore open the end. It contained a telegram which proved to be from his aunt in Aurora, telling him in ten short words that she would arrive in Chicago that night to take care of her sister's funeral arrangements.

So he flung himself back on his bed and fell to thinking again. Slowly he marshaled the strange facts in his possession and their possible consequences if ignored, into some semblance of order. And when the clock on the wall next to his own toned the hour of eight, he had fully arrived at a definite decision regarding his next step.

And that decision consisted of going straight to the Chicago detective bureau downtown, of telling the official who was in charge all that had happened, and of allowing him to take the responsibility for the prevention of any more fatalities.

## CHAPTER XV.

HE WASHED his hands and face in the tiny washroom across the hall from his own room. Then he took up his hat and made his way downstairs. For a long time he waited on the corner of Division and State for a car, but finding that they were still jammed with crowds of loop-going workers, he stepped into an adjoining restaurant and swallowed a cup of coffee.

By eight-twenty, however, he managed to board a car with a number of empty straps. Ten minutes later he found himself standing in front of the large graystone building near the mouth of the LaSalle street tunnel, staring at the tarnished, hammered brass sign:

CHICAGO DETECTIVE HEAD-  
QUARTERS.

He began to wonder now how his unusual story would be taken. He felt more like turning away than going in. But he walked in, nevertheless, and approached a uniformed figure that stood close to the swinging door.

"I want to see some one in charge here," he asked. "I've got some information that should go to him at once—a matter of life and death practically."

The door tender scrutinized him very closely for a second, but then, seeing apparently that he was very much in earnest and not of the appearance of a crank of the dangerous type, pointed toward a wide stairway at the rear of the place.

"Follow that to the top and walk in the first door," he directed, pressing a button imbedded in an oak panel.

Billy walked up the stairway. At the top a long, gloomy corridor lay to the left of him; to his right the same. But directly in front of him stood a door whose ground glass panel bore the black painted letters:

(Private).  
PATRICK J. CALLAHAN,  
CHIEF.

So he turned the knob and walked in. He saw at first only an immense room whose walls were covered by charts, framed photographs and newspaper clippings, maps, and tiny glass cases containing miscellaneous objects that strongly resembled weapons of different sorts. In the rear, however, at a desk by the window, sat a man of about 50 years of age with a straight, strong jaw and a close-cropped white mustache. Under the edge of an old-time, battered police cap the hair of his temples was visible, heavily shot with gray. From the corner of his mouth hung a long, black, unlighted cigar. He surveyed his visitor searchingly from a pair of steel-blue eyes.

"Sit down," he said, indicating an empty chair by his desk. "What can I do for you?"

Billy dropped into the chair. He began, haltingly at first, for he was discomfited by the never-wavering gaze of the stern police eyes that kept them-

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"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

selves riveted on his own face. He told of his aunt's visit to his room, of her strange luggage, of the story she had elicited from her lodger, Mr. Victor Michaux. In turn he recounted the sudden tragedy that he had stumbled upon when he returned to his room immediately after receiving Carolle's telephone message. And he did not forget to describe the peculiar deflection of the magnetic needle that had taken place.

He went on to relate—but here he wisely refrained from dragging the name of Carolle Harbison into the affair at all—how he had accidentally caught sight of Michaux on North LaSalle avenue with the black case in his hand, not thirty minutes after the negro maid, Lilywhite, at the Devonshire, had stated that a brown-suited man had called for it. In turn he told how he had followed Michaux to the Clark street rooming-house and had then left to call on a young lady friend of his. Then, painstakingly, fact by fact, motive by motive, he explained how he had returned to the place twice, once the preceding night to find it in ruins; and once in the gray dawn to see its owner killed—or apparently so—as he sought to recover his invention.

The man in the police cap heard him thru without a word, without the flicker of an eyelid. At the conclusion of his speech Billy mopped his forehead and waited to see what the official would say. But the latter merely shifted the unlighted cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other and pushed a button at the side of his desk. The same attendant that had directed Billy to the room appeared in the doorway.

"Murphy," ordered Callahan, "send Copelin Jarrick up here immediately he strikes headquarters."

But when the door closed again he turned to his visitor.

"In twenty years at the police game," he commented, "I've never heard a yarn like you just spun—and don't expect to hear one like it in the next twenty years."

"But you don't think I've made it up, do you?" Billy put in.

"No. Not at all, McClintock. Twenty years with crooks, coke eaters, and bugs have taught me to distinguish between the truth, a lie, a pipe-dream, and a delusion pretty well. But I'm not going to quiz you for a few minutes yet. With all these happenings it's rather plain that this Michaux Z-ray machine will have to be taken care of in some way." He paused a moment, thinking, and drummed on his desk. "Yes, it would have been a pure bonehead trick to slip any of the regular men on that job with Jarrick on the ground.

"Of course," he went on, a trifle more genially, 'I could have called up O'Rourke, Flaherty, Tontino or any one of the others. But they're stronger at such little tricks as running down a crook and snapping the wristlets on him. In this matter, tho, we're up against the real scientific stuff. We're up against a problem in something that's higher than O'Rourke, Flaherty and Tontino can go."

"What, then, do you think you'll do?" asked Billy.

"I've done it already," returned the chief, calmly. "I sent for Copelin Jarrick." He leaned back in his chair and lighted his cigar. "When Jarrick comes, McClintock, I want you to go over this whole story just as you've related it to me. And I'll let him grill you instead. For the man that'll be taking in what you've got to say is a person that's wise to chemistry, mathematics, astronomy, insanity, crime, X, Y, Z and P, D, and Q rays, as well as every other kind of rays there are. In fact, he works with us here at the detective bureau on all the cases that have to do with science and crime combined. Ever hear of him?"

"Can't say that I have. And I've lived in Chicago long enough to think I knew every one in the public eye."

The man in the old-time police hat gave a short laugh. "And there's the point. For Jarrick, you see, doesn't go in for the public eye. He's content to dabble in problems—all sorts of problems, too—for the pure love of solving the problem and nothing else. And let me say right here that he may strike you as being something of a freak—even a grouch—but don't bother your head on that score. Give him every detail he asks for—no matter how trivial it sounds. And if he asks you to take him over the ground, don't try to interfere with him in anything he does, or wants to do, or see."

"I understand," said Billy. Evidently Chief Callahan thought highly of this transcendental Copelin Jarrick, whom he had called in. And if Jarrick were such a good man—if he possessed such a nose for solving mysteries—he might, perhaps, be able to solve the problem of why Victor Michaux was coming out of Carolle Harbison's home at nine o'clock the night before. But no, he concluded quickly, that should be a closed book. It was an unessential link in the chain of happenings—and it should remain unmentioned.

"Our friend Jarrick," continued Callahan, leaning back in his chair and puffing on his cigar, "used to be what you might call a free lance in the field of crime solution. Used to frequent the morgues, study the newspaper accounts of each big criminal exploit, and formulate his theories as to the hidden facts of the case. If the police worked it out fully or wrung a confession from some one connected with it, and their solution tallied with his own, that used to be about all the reward he wanted. But finally one day, Danny Shane, one of the best men in the department then, was down in the Crerar Technical Library trying to dope out something connected with chemistry. He was sweating blood, I guess, and Cope saw a fellow student flying a signal of distress. He nosed in, untangled Danny from all his equations, and set him on the true trail. And in twenty-four hours Danny had solved a case that had had the police departments guessing in sixty cities from coast to coast.

"But Danny wasn't the man to wear borrowed laurels. He beat it straight over to Cope's junk heap of an apartment, found him stewing around in a rubber apron in front of a retort, grabbed him by the left ear, and lugged him down here to the detective bureau. And ever since then, Cope's our bearded savant—our grisly scientist who gets the bizarre problems of the police game to tackle."

"But I should think," commented Billy, now highly interested, "that a theorist like that would be no good in a game where practical knowledge counts the most."

"Practical knowledge?" laughed Callahan, quietly. "Why, the man's got more information packed away in his card index of a brain than our Bertillon cabinet in yonder room." He flicked his thumb toward the transom of an adjoining room. "He knows something, I'll warrant, of every crime that's committed between Shanghai, China, and Bird Center, New York, during the last ten years. And all the time he's poring over the daily telegraphic reports that are wired in here, he's figuring out the result of what happens to the eleventh integral of x plus y if you raise it to the nth power and immerse it in a solution of sulphuric acid. He's——"

The door suddenly swung open, and the uniformed attendant thrust his head in the opening.

"Mr. Copelin Jarrick is here, chief."

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE individual who stepped into the chief's private office was one who presented a composite picture of a ruddy-faced English gentleman from one of Dickens' books, and a caricature drawn by an artist on a comic valentine.

The English appearance was borne out by the pink, even rubicund, cheeks, and the stolid, heavy face with the hair dropping below the temples in two sideburns tinged with gray. He possessed a well-defined paunch, which was covered by a tightly buttoned, dingy vest. Across the vest was a massive gold watch chain that might easily, on a first glance, be considered an effective means of chaining an unruly prisoner to a convenient tree. His coat was a decidedly English cutaway, but it was soiled and spotted, and in one or two places actually burned thru as tho by acids.

But there were points about him that inclined to the ludicrous. His slightly gray hair stuck up on his head in all directions, giving him to a great extent the appearance of a porcupine, or a cat, bristling with anger. And on his nose were a pair of old-fashioned, steel-bowed spectacles, tilted at such a grotesque angle that the left lens stood directly beneath his left eye, and the right one well above the right eye. His collar was of the batwing pattern, tied with a rusty, black bow tie, and peeping from his slightly frayed coat sleeves were a pair of very soiled cuffs, held together by brass cuff links such as one can find in any city five-and-ten-cent store. As he drew the door closed his trouser legs hitched slightly, and Billy caught a flash of color. By glancing hurriedly downward he discovered, with a feeling of surprise that came near making him laugh aloud, that Copelin Jarrick's socks comprised a tan one and a giddy red one with green polka dots.

Jarrick walked forward to the chief's desk. Callahan drew forth a chair.

"Mr. McClintock, meet Mr. Copelin Jarrick—of the department. McClintock, Jarrick, has a decidedly interesting case that might whet your appetite. Ever hear of a new ray, a fatal one?"

Jarrick dropped heavily into the chair, his apathetic face lighting up for a bare instant with something akin to keen, consuming interest. But the face quickly became immobile again. The police official, turning over the pages of the telephone directory, remarked:

"Just a minute, gentlemen, till I attend to two little details. Then we'll go all over the story once more." He soon found the number that he was seeking, for he raised the receiver of his desk 'phone.

"Superior 1065," he grunted. After a pause he asked suddenly: "Passavant Hospital? Chicago detective bureau talking. What was the condition of a man brought in there around six o'clock this morning?" He waited for a few seconds. "Yes, from Clark and Elm streets." Another long pause. "Left your emergency ward last night, you say? And you're sure it's the same? But it's apparently heart disease this time, eh? I see. No marks? And no identification papers? Very well, then. Await orders from the Chicago detective bureau as to its disposal. Good-by."

He rattled the receiver hook up and down. Then he asked: "Department 4?" Another wait. "Special detail? Shanahan? This is P. C. at headquarters. I want a man sent out from your department to certain fire premises on North Clark street with authority to prevent any person from tampering with or clearing away any wreckage. Can you take care of that for me? It's vital, now. No one must go near that spot until I give the order." He turned to Billy. "What's that number, McClintock?" Billy told him, and he turned toward the transmitter once more. "The number, Shanahan, is 1132 North Clark. You'd better put a man in the rear, too. And immediately—don't forget. Good-by."

He spun around and faced both Jarrick, who had been gazing curiously toward the younger man, and Billy.

"And now, McClintock, go over the whole story once more for Jarrick here. I've got a half a line on this brown-suited, brown-bearded fellow you've described. Passavant Hospital tells me he was brought in there slugged on Saturday night—and that he walked out last night in a red-hot hurry. He'll never walk out this time, tho, for he's done for. But to get back to our subject—this Z-ray."

Jarrick's ears seemed to tremble slightly, to quiver like the ears of a houhd when he hears the cry of a raccoon. And Billy, with a long-drawn-out sigh, started out once more on the same story he had just recounted to Chief Callahan fifteen minutes before. But, just as in the first instance, he avoided all mention of how he had seen Victor Michaux coming out of Peter Harbison's house on North LaSalle avenue. When he had finished he looked toward Jarrick, wondering what comments that individual would see fit to make. So, too, did the chief.

"Well, Cope, what do you make of it?"

"I'm not quite ready to state what I make of it until I ask a few questions and look over things. But this I will say, Chief: I've always predicted that the decade between 1910 and 1920 would see the production of a new ray that could pass thru opaque substances, thru unlimited space, and even follow the curvature of the earth to any desired point. And in view of my own opinions on the matter—I should hardly be surprised at Mr. McClintock's story."

"Then you accept it?" cried Billy, eagerly. "I didn't know how you people would take my statements. I had a faint suspicion that I might be locked up as a dope taker—or something like that."

"You may be the victim of periodical hallucinations even at that," retorted Jarrick, coolly. "I certainly have no way of knowing. However, your story rings true. In spite of that, tho, I'm not necessarily ready yet to accept the existence of this Michaux Z-ray. I——"

"But we're confronted with three deaths," interposed Callahan, irritably. "It's not logical to suppose that two people who had dealings with this mysterious black case could both peter out with heart failure. And, to make it all the stronger—assuming that a dog can die of heart disease—we're confronted with a still more improbable condition."

(Continued on Page 19.)

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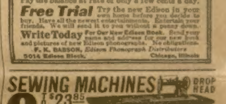
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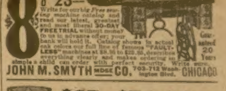
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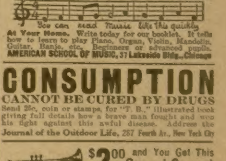
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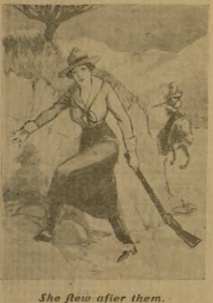

*She flew after them.*

AFTER the neat little Mexican girls of the convent hotel had taken his orders, Winchell ripped open the morning mail and ran his letters thru swiftly with keen eyes. From the other side of the breakfast table his wife of a fortnight watched him with resentment and reluctant admiration.

The girl—sometimes she was absurdly childish in her slim litheness—studied her husband with a detachment strange for a bride in the second week of her honeymoon. If she had cared for him in the usual way of lovers so critical, an appraisal of him would have been impossible. But whatever reasons had induced her to marry him, love had not been an outstanding motive.

Why had she married him? It was a question she never tired of asking herself. She could find the complex answer only in the man himself. She had married him because he was who and what he was. When Winchell had come knocking at the door of the narrow routine in which her environment housed her, offering the promise of larger life and experience, he had given her scant opportunity for hesitation. His wooing he had attacked in the same way as his business. He pushed his way to his object with a simple, direct energy that never faltered. Against his dominant insistence she had fought fiercely. Nevertheless she was now his wife. A sardonic little smile touched her lips as she looked at him. He would always win, no matter at whose expense.

Winchell put aside his letters and looked at Evelyn with a smile not quite cheerful. He was very much in love with his slight girlish wife. The touch of insolence in her, of boyish audacity, he found adorable. She was the twentieth-century woman, restless, unfettered, eager for life.

"I'll have to leave you for a few days, Evelyn," he said. "Black is having trouble at the mine. He wants me to run down and settle it."

Evelyn flushed. More than once it had irritated her that he had let business obtrude into their honeymoon so far as to make it the occasion of an inspection tour of his mines. But this was going a little too far.

"What mine is it? And where?" she demanded.

"The Buenos Dios, twenty miles east of La Colorado, between the Yaqui and Sonora rivers."

"I'll go along with you."

He shook his head good-humoredly. "I think you can't do that, little girl. Too many broncho Yaquis drifting about."

"There will be just as many there whether I go or not."

"That is true, but I might have one wife less if you went," he replied with a laugh. "You must make up your mind to amuse yourself here, dear. I'm sorry to go, but it can't be helped. Cultivate the Fishers while I am away."

"I don't see why I can't go if you can," she said, a little defiantly. "You told me yourself there was no danger from Yaquis when a party goes prepared for them."

"No danger to the party as a whole, but always the chance of an attack from ambush that may destroy individual members of the party," explained her husband over his bacon.

Evelyn leaned forward, her big eyes shining. "I want to go, Miles. It would be such an experience, riding all day and sleeping out nights. And then the exhilaration of just a touch of danger—none that is real but just a make-believe of it. Do arrange it so that I can go," she coaxed.

Before Winchell's eyes there rose a vision of something he had seen on his latest trip to the Buenos Dios: A charred wagon smoldering in a sandy cactus wash, two Mexicans stretched lifeless under the burning desert sun with marks of torture on their bodies, and at a little distance the huddled form of a girl no older than Evelyn. He shut his lips tightly and shook his head again.

"It can't be done safely, Evie."

Her eyes flashed rebellion. It was the first favor she had asked of him since their marriage, and he treated her like a child whose wishes deserved no consideration. In his voice she read the note of assured authority. The dominant trait of the man was this quiet certainty that brushed aside difficulties and trampled down opposition. He was master of others. He had set out to be master of her. She would show him the futility of it.

"Very well," she answered coldly, and devoted her attention to her breakfast. When an answer was necessary to his speech she gave it in a monosyllable.

In their own rooms Winchell tried to placate her, but Evelyn held herself distantly aloof. Just now she hated him with the intensity of her unrestrained nature. That he was good to look upon but emphasized her present distaste of him. His clean-cut brown face, the resolute mouth and square chin, the spare strength of his lean six feet, every masterful line of him, served as additional fuel to her grievance, just as at another time they were details of a personality that held her secret admiration. Even his advances to her fed her resentment. He cajoled her as he might have done a spoiled child.

Winchell left her the more reluctantly because she was displeased with him, yet he could have smiled, too, in his distress at the absurdity of such unreason.

While he packed a suitcase she pretended to read a magazine. After he had finished he came and stood behind this girl-wife whose heart he knew he had not yet won, his hands upon the slight shoulders which dropped toward the periodical she still used as an evidence of her indifference. His face had a trick of setting to rigidity under stress of emotion, but behind this mask was a great tenderness for her. She was such a child, after all, and he had taken the responsibility of her young life and happiness in his keeping. What if after all his love could not storm the fastnesses of her heart? Surely he must needs be very considerate of her.

"I'm sorry, girlie."

"Oh, haven't you gone yet?" she murmured absently.

"I'm just going. Good-by, dear."

She marked a place in her story and looked up defiantly. "Good-by."

"Have a good time, dear," he said, refusing to understand the scornful anger she flung at him.

"Thank you."

And with that he was gone. She read on steadily for ten minutes without gathering a word of the sense, big tears blurring the type. Then she got up and flung the magazine passionately to the other end of the room and herself face down upon the bed of the adjoining apartment. With her hot face in the pillows she remarshaled the facts to justify her, her grievances flying helter-skelter thru her mind like leaves before the wind.

"He cares only for his business. I'm just a cipher to him. What a little fool I was to think I could move him! I'm just a doll to him, nothing more! He can do nice little things, and defer and wait on me, but his will is like steel. That's it. He's as hard as steel, and just as selfish as can be, really."

So, bitterly, her thoughts accused him, and since she was under twenty she began to imagine a life tragedy.

One of the little orphan maids in the convent school knocked at her door to leave a note which she said a boy had just brought. It was from her husband.

"Dear Evelyn:

"Since I have offended you I am sorry, but I only did what I must. I could not take you with me, and you must try to pardon me, dear.

"I have just heard that a bunch of Yaquis were seen ten miles from here only yesterday. This means that you must give up your riding for the present—until my return at least. Again, good-by, dear. MILES."

Evelyn's lip curled. Three musts in almost as few lines, and one of them a curt demand for her to give up the only pleasure she had. Always given to enthusiasms, the one which just now possessed her was for long mountain rides with delightful picnics at the termination of each. The sleepy old Mexican town had little of interest in itself to offer after the first examination of its narrow, crooked adobe streets. But the hills were full of charm. It was the late spring, the season of wild poppies and the first columbines. There had been rains during the winter, so that a soft green carpeted the mountains. She had been accustomed, with her husband and the Fishers, to ride out every afternoon, and come back happily in the cool of the evening, laden with wild flowers.

Now he had chosen to forbid it. She had not thought him of so small a caliber. She would teach him he could not be her dog in the manger. She would punish him by paying not the least attention to his superfluous injunction.

Her opportunity came pat in the form of a note from Walling Fisher.

"What's the matter with Aguas Calientes for today? If you are for it I shall have Manuel start with his trap at once," she read.

Instantly she penciled an acceptance of his invitation on the back of the envelope.

Upon her reappearance Walling Fisher came quickly along the hotel porch to join her. His springy step and his abundance of crisp curly hair, together with some boyish irresponsibility of face and manner, denied the thirty-eight years he had known.

"I say, Mrs. Winchell, we're stung. Juan just now brought me a letter from your husband. He makes quite a point about our not taking any more rides till he returns." Thus spoke Fisher.

Evelyn's bright eyes were as hard and brilliant as diamonds. "And I make a great point of going, which is more important, is it not?"

A bit taken aback, Fisher came to time gallantly: "Oh, of course! Only he puts down his veto so earnestly I thought maybe——"

"But this is a republic, you know," she retorted. "We have majority enough to override his veto."

"Well, I suppose we have." He added, "Mr. Winchell thinks it dangerous. Too much Yaqui."

"Oh, he dreams Yaquis! But to please him we'll go armed, prepared for war. That will be fun, won't it, Nellie?"

Mrs. Fisher, a bright, piquant little blonde who lived on excitement, vowed that it would be perfectly lovely—that is, if there was really no danger.

Danger! Evelyn laughed the possibility to scorn. It was a figment of Miles' fancy. Nothing more.

"It really isn't very far to Aguas Calientes. We'll take a couple of vaqueros with us to make sure," suggested Walling.

So it was arranged, and after their picnic they rode back to the little town in the pleasant moonlight. Evelyn's laughter rang clear as a bell, but her heart was not light. The truth was that she had missed her husband, and was not conscience-clear at having disobeyed his wish. In the solitude of her own room she longed for him more. She had already begun to depend upon his unobtrusive care for her and upon the quiet comradeship that gave much and asked little. That his absence meant so much to her shook her confidence in herself, and she attempted to regain it by flinging herself with increased gayety into the rides they took every day.

Each day brought Evelyn a letter from her husband. They told cheerfully of his work and its difficulties, but between the lines she read that he was anxious to get back to her. Once he warned her to be very careful about leaving the town, even for a mile or two, without a heavy armed escort. Under no circumstances must she go farther than that. Her conscience smote her again, but that unfortunate must stirred her pride. If she were to give up her rides now it would appear to him that she had been afraid of punishment like a naughty little child. She persisted, even against her desire to do as he wished.

It was to the Arroyo del Oro that their next excursion took them. They passed hillsides carpeted with yellow poppies so densely that at a distance they took the form of a great yellow splash. In the warmth of the sunshine they ate their lunch close to the entrance of a long since abandoned prospect tunnel, while the horses grazed on the short grass under the eye of Manuel and the vaquero guard.

They were still laughing and talking over their luncheon when the grim tragedy leaped upon them, the tragedy which all day had stalked its unconscious victims.

Like a bunch of giant firecrackers

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NOTE—Nuxated Iron recommended above by Dr. Sauer is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents is widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The Manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all druggists.

rang out the volley of the hidden foe. Evelyn sat petrified. She saw Manuel rise slowly and pitch forward upon his face, caught a glimpse of one of the guards as he flung himself upon a horse and dashed away while the bullets sniped at him, and simultaneously beheld the crouching figures of the Mexican Indians dodging forward. A low moan of horror reached her. It had fallen from her own lips.

Fisher found his voice as he dragged his frozen wife to her feet. "Come! Into the cave, Nellie."

With some subconscious instinct Evelyn's fingers clutched the repeating Winchester Walling had been too shaken to think of. She flew after them across the rocks, bullets more than once zipping past before she reached the precarious safety of the tunnel mouth. She could hear feet tearing after her, and plunged into the darkness in a frenzy of terror, stumbling forward in a hurried rush that presently brought her down headlong over a loose rock. Her pursuer was flung across her prostrate body, but as he fell she heard a Spanish oath that assured her it was one of the guards.

"Is that you, Juan?" she asked in a whisper.

"Si, senora. Another rat in the trap."

He spoke with a touch of despairing melodrama, after the manner of his race, but Evelyn noticed that he had already found the rifle he had dropped and was facing the entrance watchfully.

"What shall we do? Oh, what shall we do?" she cried helplessly.

"Pray to the good God, senora, for an easy end," he told her, grimly. "Ah!"

Quickly his weapon leaped to his shoulder, and the sound of the explosion filled the tunnel. He had seen a brown face peering into the mouth of the tunnel.

"We must go deeper," he said, and together they followed the tunnel to its end, where they found Walling, one arm about his shuddering wife and a revolver in the other hand.

Now for the first time Evelyn had leisure to remember that Fisher had fled and left her to her fate. He had his wife to think of. She did not know that she blamed him, but there leaped to her mind the picture of a man whose first and last thought would have been her safety—a spare, lean man with broad shoulders, square fighting chin, and eyes as steady as the rock of Gibraltar. If she had only done as Miles had told her! If he were only here now to save her from this cruel fate!

Nellie was in a collapse so utter that it served to string Evelyn's courage. She gave her rifle to Fisher and took charge of his wife.

"Did Jose get off?" she presently heard Fisher ask the Mexican in a low voice.

"I don't know, senor. He reached a horse, and that was the last I saw of him."

Half a dozen shots, dropped into the tunnel by Yaquis as they ran past the mouth, showed that their position would not long be tenable. A search by Juan uncovered a little storeroom dug out of the rock at one side of the drift, and into this they moved. It was no more than large enough to hold them, but it served. Even here it was necessary for one of the men to expose himself somewhat in order to command the passage.

Fisher was very nervous, the Mexican as cool as if it were all merely the setting for a moving-picture scene.

"Think they'll try to rush us?" the former inquired jerkily.

"Si, senor. When they find that firing into the tunnel has no effect. It will be soon now."

It came before he had finished speaking, the stream of men which momentarily shut off the light, and flung itself right at the deadly repeaters. Fisher was cool enough now that the suspense was past and the danger upon him. He was kneeling to steady himself, and his weapon was going as regularly as a machine gun. Evelyn waited in the darkness with a little revolver in her hand. Her face was bloodless, but she knew what she meant to do if worst came to worst.

It proved not necessary. The Yaquis could not reach the end of that lane of fire down which they were plunging. One went down, and another, and another. The leaders hesitated, broke in a panic to reach safety again, and stumbled over each other as they fought to get first out of line of the withering fire.

Ensued many hours of quiet after that. The little party knew it was still besieged, and that the Indians would wait patiently for days if necessary to starve them into the light. The interminable minutes slipped into hours. Day gave place to night, and Fisher and the Mexican crawled nearer the opening of the tunnel to make sure that none of the enemy slipped upon them in the darkness. Presently they could see the moon squatting on a hilltop in front of them and could hear the mournful hoot of an owl. Meanwhile, hand in hand, the women waited together.

Even while Evelyn comforted her terror-stricken companion her thoughts were running subconsciously on her husband. She had not needed to take counsel of her heart to know that she loved him. The knowledge of it had been with her all day. It had come upon her as a certainty after the first rush of her horror had passed, and it had braced her to fight back her fears to help this woman who could not. She had sloughed her childish petulance before the grim and awful reality with which she was confronted. She saw her husband as he was, a strong, silent, tender man without the words to clothe the sentiment and passion in him, and her heart reached out to him as the arms of a child to the mother who is its all. Oh, how she needed him!

* * * * * * *

The first news of their rescue came in the rattle of a volley that drifted into the tunnel faintly as the sound of crackers exploding under a bucket. Evelyn, whose tired head had been leaning against the rocky wall of their cavern, came to a rigid attention.

"What is it?" breathed Nellie, fixing her fear-haunted eyes upon her friend.

"I don't know." She dared not voice the hope that was wildly beating in her heart.

Except for one or two belated ones the firecrackers died away. They heard Walling Fisher's exultant "Hurrah!" came echoing down the tunnel to them.

"We are saved!" cried Evelyn, and waited for no more, but ran toward the pin point of light at the mouth of the drift.

As she came out into the moonshine a man galloped up and flung himself from his horse. It was Miles Winchell, hundreds of yards ahead of the rest of the rescuers, who were following the Mexican Jose up the canyon. The man's eyes blazed out of a colorless face haggard with anxiety, but even now he looked the incarnation of power as he strode toward Fisher.

"My wife?" he asked hoarsely.

"Miles!"

He turned at Evelyn's cry, and she was in his strong arms.

"You're not hurt?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

It came as a deep cry from his anguished heart.

"Yes, thank God you came!" she answered softly.

But, strangely enough, she was not thinking of the danger from which he had rescued her so much as of the answer that had come to her questionings. Peril or no peril, her heart was his. Yes, that was the answer. She knew now why she had married him.

* * *

## The Kind Brother.

Before his mirror Jack Maguggle carefully painted freckles on his handsome face, drew on a false wig and beard and hied him to the opera, where his ticket called for a seat in box A.

In box B sat a lovely young woman charmingly attired in a sen-sen colored gown relieved by peanut bars. With her was a saturnine youth with an American Beauty rose in his buttonhole.

Jack Maguggle stared at this young dream of beauty intently. In fact, never once, even during the exquisitely sung "Simpadoxus" aria, did he remove his eyes from that vision of loveliness. And as he stared he made no attempt to hide his adoration.

The escort of the gorgeous young woman scowled and attempted to catch Maguggle's eyes, but Maguggle's eyes, as aforesaid, were busy. After the opera Maguggle, waiting in the foyer, slipped a note into the fair one's hand. The escort saw and his face grew black.

Maguggle arrived home before his sister, whose first words were, "Oh, Jack, thanks awfully! He proposed three times without stopping, coming home in the taxi. Wherever did you get that wig?"

* * *

## Easter Verses.

The Winter's ice and snow are gone,
  Flowers bloom, soft breezes blow;
The waking earth laughs in the sun
  And all the world's aglow.

Tent not thy soul on Sorrow's field—
  Her hosts are all forlorn;
To Love and Hope the victory yield
  At break of Easter morn.

---

Look up, Beloved, where the hills are singing
  Their farewell to cold Winter's ice and snow.
See where the green-clad forest trees are swinging
  Their fragrant censers slowly to and fro—
    For Spring is born.

So let the heart, with the dear earth rejoicing,
  To darkness and to sorrow bid farewell.
Sing with the hills, Spring's resurrection voicing,
  And let thy song Hope, Joy and Love foretell
    On Easter morn.

---

Gone are the Winter's ice and snow,
  The south wind bids the bluebird sing;
Sap in the willow is aflow.
  The world stands at the gate of Spring.

Soul, art thou winter-bound by grief?
  Enter the garden of the Spring!
Earth's resurrection brings relief—
  Joy be thine Easter offering.

---

The glad earth wakes in beauty
  To keep her tryst with Spring;
Soul, fail not in thy duty
  Joy's offering to bring
    On Easter Day.

—Lydia Avery Coonley Ward.

* * *

## Odd Alarm Clock.

How close a crow is to the intelligence of such an animal as the dog has been attested on numerous occasions. I once knew a pet crow many years ago, for example, which belonged to a small boy on a farm. The boy's grandfather lived a few hundred yards away, and every morning of the year the crow flew first to the grandfather's house, waking that old gentleman up with almost clock-work regularity (he seldom varied more than fifteen minutes, tho the sun, supposedly his timepiece, varied whole hours), and then he returned and roused his own family.

The rousing process was simple. He perched on a bedroom window-sill and cawed. Sleep thereafter became impossible. If you are fond of sleeping late in the morning, by the way, do not try to keep a pet crow, or you may become as profane as he.

It was this same crow which, greatly to our delight and the teacher's wrath, followed his little master to school one morning, pounced upon the schoolhouse key when the teacher dropped it and, flying to a low branch over her head, sat there for nearly half an hour, replying sarcastically to her threats. He used to come to meet his master almost every day when school was out, again telling the time by some instinct as mysterious as a dog's, and either riding home on his master's shoulder or else flying along ahead, lighting on the fence posts.

It was the same crow, too, I recall, which got into the house, upset a bottle of ink, investigated the contents with his feet and then walked on the bedspread. It was a seven-day wonder in the neighborhood that, because of his master's pleadings, his life was spared. We youngsters looked with a kind of awe upon a boy who could put such a case to his justly irate parents. Demosthenes seemed, by comparison, rather second rate.

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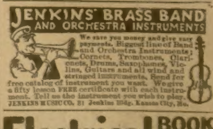
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# The Lost Gunshot Mine

## By Howard C. Kegley

FOR fifteen years the overland trains pulled thru there without even so much as a ventilator open. Occasionally a locomotive engineer, without slacking his speed in the least, would reach up and cut loose a stingy toot to awaken the greasers taking their siestas on the bench at the shady side of the section house.

Passengers getting their first glimpse of the Southwest would crane their necks and gaze wonderingly at the bronzed Apaches approaching in a dust cloud along the trail that led from the storied cliffs where the Montezumas, many centuries ago perhaps, made ancient history of a more mysterious nature than anything that civilization has ever been able to compile.

Almost unfailingly somebody in the Pullmans pressed a cheek against the sizzling window-pane, watched the row of 'dobe huts until the speeding train left the scene behind, and then said to the porter:

"What God-forsaken place was that we just passed thru?"

Snowflake lay simmering beneath the desert sun. Some say that the station received its misfit name from the party of engineers who surveyed the railroad thru that section of the Southwest. The chief engineer is said to have declared that the place was hotter than the hinges of hell.

All trains gave Snowflake the go-by for fully fifteen years, and then, within forty-eight hours, they all received stopping orders. In less than a week the place grew from a way station with a tool house and an operator's shanty, to a city with three hundred population.

Associated Press wires fairly smoked with newspaper stories concerning the big strike at Snowflake. Fortune hunters from every corner of the Western hemisphere bought tickets to Snowflake and started on the first trains. In a fortnight the place was swarming with miners who had been in on the rushes at Cripple Creek, Leadville, Cobalt, Coeur d' Alene, Angel's Camp and Skagway.

Those who were not fitting out for a prospecting trip were already making tracks toward the sulphurette-studded buttes of the Suspicion Mountains, odd miles off the southeast.

And in just as short a time the fortune hunters folded their tents, like the Arabs, and silently stole away. It was whispered along the line that the big strike at Snowflake was nothing but a flash in the pan, and seasoned prospectors, who had been regarded as good miners in famous camps, strongly denied that they had ever visited the alleged Eldorado in the desert.

Herkimer was the cause of it all. Had he not gone there the place would never have boomed and blown up. But he did go there, and that's the reason there is a story to tell.

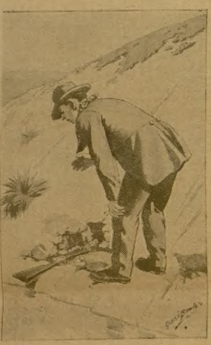
A spell of pneumonia left Herkimer with a peevish lung, and he took it into the Southwest. Somebody told him to go where it was hot and dry. He asked a ticket agent where he had better go, and the agent, figuring that he would die any place, anyhow, told him to try Snowflake. He did.

When he arrived he arranged with the telegraph operator for a bunk in the section-house. He took his meals with a Mexican family that occupied one of the 'dobes.

Time hung heavily on his hands at Snowflake. There was nothing for diversion, so he bought a pair of hiking boots and a rifle, after which he amused himself for a few days by shooting lizards, sidewingers and sage hens, but that pastime quickly died of monotony, and he began to chafe temperamentally.

"Great grasshoppers!" he snorted one day. "Isn't there a blooming thing out here that an unemployed person can do aside from killing lizards and counting fingers?"

"You might try mining," yawned the operator, as he cut in on the Prescott line to locate the 10:18 Limited. "The Apaches claim that old Crazy Horse bought enough army blankets one year to supply his whole tribe, with the free gold that he picked up somewhere in the Suspicion range."



*Upon the ground was the rifle.*

Herkimer took to the idea as ducks take to water. The next afternoon he was skirting the foothills that fringed the base of Outlaw Peak, as the westering sun hid its crimson face behind Mount Gorganza and the purple veil of night began to spread out upon the Painted Desert. He camped under a sheltering cliff where Bitterwater Creek threaded its way down a little coulee and seeped away in the sand a hundred yards farther on.

It was blistering hot summer weather, and Herkimer had been traveling light. The extent of his pack was a blanket, a small supply of provisions, a little coffee, a few camp utensils, and a rifle. From day to day he shot doves and quail to supply the meat portion of his fare.

He knew little or nothing about prospecting, and would not have known a good sample of copper had he stumbled over one. In that respect he was not unlike some of our most fortunate prospectors. Being ignorant of metallurgy, he violated precedents, scorned traditions, went stumbling around without the slightest knowledge of the rules of the game, and eventually became famous as a fool for luck and a fool in luck.

For ten weary days he climbed back and forth over thirty miles of crags, canyons and coulees. At the end of that time he was empty-handed, and he sat down upon a rock to rest, only to find himself suddenly rooting yellow nuggets out of the decomposed granite with the toe of his boot.

Gold! Probably no man ever uncovered a finer pocket of it. It was pure placer. Nuggets as big as marrowfat peas stirred into a mass of mountainside dirt that had slid into a wedge-shaped crevice on the side of a big butte—that's what he found.

Falling upon his hands and knees, Herkimer sifted the rotten rock between his fingers and brought great glittering groups of nuggets to the surface each time he clawed wrist-deep into the dirt fill. By the time he had collected enough chunks of the yellow metal to fill his pockets he was gold crazy.

"Some gold strike, this!" he gurgled to himself. "I'll hoof it back to Snowflake and get the operator. We'll clean up a fortune here."

He sat down upon a rock and fingered another handful of nuggets out of the crevice.

"Guess there's no need for me to load myself down with the precious," he mused. "It can't get away from me. If it has kept this long it will keep a heap longer."

How to mark the spot was the next question. Herkimer was perhaps fifteen miles southeast of Outlaw Peak, in a range of hills that looked very much alike. There seemed no way of telling one from another.

"Hate to leave my gun here, but I guess I'll have to," he mourned. "I'll shove the muzzle of it about a foot into the dirt at the base of the crevice, and that'll leave the butt sticking up a couple of feet, so I can see it when I come back."

That is how he staked out his discovery.

The return of Herkimer to Snowflake was the signal for a stampede. News of his strike was flashed over the telegraph wires, and in less than forty-eight hours the way station developed into a tent town, the white canvas walls of which arose one afternoon and collapsed next morning, when its entire population started for the storied hills in the dim distance.

Herkimer had about a thousand dollars' worth of nuggets to exhibit when the gold hunters arrived in Snowflake and, feeling sure that he could get as much more of the precious metal as he desired, by visiting the spot where he had left his rifle, he sent to Silver City for an elaborate prospecting outfit. In one way and another he let go of half the money he had, after which he equipped himself with the new outfit and set out for the mystic mountains, with all the pomp and pride that any tenderfoot might be expected to assume after discovering an Eldorado.

In due time the stampede starter found himself back in the canyon where he had built his first campfire, and from day to day he climbed sulphuretted peaks, the landmarks of which were familiar to him, and yet, in a week of trudging back and forth over a ridge less than five miles in length, he failed to locate the rifle he had stuck in the dirt fill, and the longer he searched the more confused he became.

Prospectors were all around him. Scores of them had gone many miles farther south, thinking that he was trying to throw them off the track, while dozens browsed near the ridge where he searched in vain for his lost Golconda.

Of those who remained behind with him, some disbelieved that there was ever any gold thereabout, some were willing to believe that there was gold near at hand but doubted the possibility of finding it, while others cursed him roundly for losing his sense of location like a fool.

After a couple of weeks prospecting was abandoned, and the issue resolved itself into a search for the rifle that Herkimer had left in the hills. The sweltering days dragged along, and as they did so the searching party grew thinner and thinner. At last Herkimer alone was left to chase the rainbow.

There is an end to every man's patience, so it is not to be wondered at that Herkimer finally quit the fruitless search and returned to Snowflake. But what a surprise was in store for him there!

The telegraph operator called him a d—d empty-headed tenderfoot, and refused to let him stay around the station. The greasers and Indians smiled grimly, pointed their fingers at him, and made their hands go around in a circle to indicate that they thought he had wheels in his head. Altogether the situation was a very unpleasant one, so Herkimer, having four hundred dollars' worth of perfectly good gold left in his poke, bought a ticket for Phoenix and

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took the very first train out of town.

At Phoenix, unfortunately, he fell in with a bunch of gamblers, and they trimmed him for his roll. One morning he awoke with empty pockets. He had beaten his way before, and he decided to beat it again. His destination was Chicago. The locomotive fireman saw him behind the engine tank, while taking water at Prescott, and decided to "clip his wings," so the crew planned to ditch him at Snowflake, where he'd get a taste of desert. When the train came to a stop there the brakeman dragged him down from the back of the tender. A great lump came up in the tenderfoot's throat, and he wished himself anywhere else on earth than in the town where he had started a boom that busted.

He was as hungry as a dog, and tired. His face was filled with smarting particles of sand, and his muscles ached from weariness, but the telegraph operator was deaf to his pleadings for food and a bunk in the tool house. The greasers motioned for him to move on down the track, and closed their doors in his face.

"Go chase your rainbow!" sneered the operator.

"I'll do that very thing," snarled Herkimer, "and I'll find it or die trying."

The sun was beating down upon the desert with fearful ferocity as the tenderfoot plodded along the pebbled bed of Bitterwater Creek next morning. Faint from hunger, he made his way slowly up an incline to an elevation of one thousand feet or more. The scenes about him were those that had met his gaze on at least two previous visits. There seemed to be no possibility that he would find the thing for which he searched.

Presently a cloud obscured the sun. Herkimer glanced up. He was surprised to see numerous clouds hovering low along the mountainside. It was evident that a desert thunderstorm was about to break. A sudden flash of chain lightning across the sky brought him out of a reverie, and sent him hurrying to shelter beneath an overhanging cliff a hundred feet higher up the mountain. Great drops of rain raised little puffs of alkali dust from the broad brim of his Arizona Stetson as he darted under cover.

The storm developed into a small cloudburst which broke off to the north a hundred yards and subsided in a few minutes.

When Herkimer emerged from beneath the sheltering rock the air was heavy and damp, but pregnant with the rich, grateful odor of the rain. He breathed it deep into his lungs and seemed to get fresh courage from it. Below him, a muddy, yellow torrent crashed over the bed of Bitterwater Creek, where but a tiny thread of crystal water had purled over the pebbles an hour earlier.

On a ridge just above him a huge greenish bowlder seemed to balance on a small flat rock. Herkimer glanced from the bowlder to the creek and back again. It struck him that it would be an unusual sight to see the bowlder roll down the hillside and into the stream, so he climbed a little higher and dislodged it by gouging the dirt from beneath the outer edge of it with a piece of greasewood that he picked up in the brush.

The great rock toppled suddenly forward and crashed down the incline. As it rolled along, a great mass of decomposed granite slid along in its wake.

Herkimer's eyes were following the bowlder as it plunged toward the creek. But just before it leaped into the foaming water his attention was diverted by a sharp report which sounded not unlike the explosion of a cartridge. He glanced in the direction from whence the sound came, and noticed a thin ribbon of blue smoke rising into the air less than fifty feet below him.

Scrambling down the incline in the path that had been mowed by the descending bowlder, Herkimer hastened to the spot from which the smoke had seemed to rise, and there, lying full length upon the ground, he found the rifle with which he had marked his precious pocket of gold.

The tenderfoot picked up the gun and examined it. The cartridge he had left in it had just been discharged. He had left the gun standing upright, with the muzzle buried in the earth, and it had evidently been tipped over by the dirt slide that had followed in the path of the bowlder. When the gun fell the trigger struck upon a rock, and the shot was fired in that way. The dirt slide had uncovered the placer pocket which Herkimer had found in the rock crevice a few weeks earlier, and spread out before his bewildered gaze more pieces of the precious metal than he had ever dared to dream existed in the great treasure vault to which, up to that time, God alone had seemed to hold the key.

* * *

## HIS TRIALS.

It began so gradually that Brixbill did not notice it at first. One by one the parlor rugs disappeared, and there came a day when there were no portieres. He was suspicious the evening his wife tried to hinder him from entering the parlor by the suggestion that it would be so much cozier in the upstairs sitting-room. Peering in, Brixbill saw that the lace curtains were gone.

"Serena Brixbill," he broke out accusingly, "you are—I believe you are cleaning house!"

"Yes, I am!" Mrs. Brixbill answered, in the defiant tones of the cornered housewife. "There's no sense in your raising such a row over housecleaning that I'm driven to doing it in an underhand way. If there ever was a finicky man, it's you, John Brixbill. I wish you'd tell me how I'm to have a spick and span house if I don't houseclean! Answer me that!"

"I won't!" declared her husband. "Only you ought to! It's all wrong making a tired man uncomfortable twice a year this way, when, if you women would bend your minds upon it, you could devise some way of housecleaning while we men were away or asleep. I want comfort in my home!"

"I'm sorry the loss of the parlor curtains is causing you such acute agony," declared Mrs. Brixbill. "And I didn't dream that you were so attached to the back library portieres! But if you've begun to suffer you might as well have something to suffer about, and I shall throw all pretense aside and begin to houseclean in earnest! This place needs renovating from top to bottom!"

"I shall advertise for a cave tomorrow!" shouted Brixbill. "A nice, dry cave, with dust six inches thick all over it, and a chopping block for any woman who tries to dust it up with a duster! This is horrible!"

"I wish you would!" declared his wife, unfeelingly. "Then you'd appreciate your own home when you got back to it!"

Brixbill's expression of acute suffering began to come into his face five blocks from home the next night. When he reluctantly opened the front door his worst fears were confirmed. There were bare floors, bare walls, stepladders, empty rooms, or shrouded furniture, where furniture remained, and buckets and messy wet brushes lying around, and floor cloths speckled with paint and calcimine.

Mrs. Brixbill met him with stern eyes. "It will be lots worse," she promised, "when they begin scraping and revarnishing the floors. You will then have to skip lightly from crag to crag! Dinner is served, darling—in the kitchen!"

"Gosh!" moaned Brixbill, miserably. "And you call this home!"

The men doing the walls quit when they were half done, because of an order from some mysterious person somewhere—and the men doing the floors half did them and then dropped from sight. The stepladders and buckets remained. Brixbill was at home when the portieres were returned from the cleaners, and hope sprang up, but his wife promptly quenched it.

"They can't go up," she said, "till the floors are done. And everything else is done. And until the rugs are here. They're being cleaned. And after they finish the ceilings! Haven't you any sense at all?"

"No," said Brixbill, "I'm clean crazy. I've lived so long in this disheveled barn that I don't care what happens next! Serve breakfast on top of the furnace in the basement if you want to—I won't say a word."

"It won't take a minute to settle this house when I once get hold of those workmen!" declared Mrs. Brixbill, somewhat worn and wild-looking. "Everything's clean, ready to put up and down!"

"Oh, piffle!" scoffed the pessimistic Brixbill. "It will take ten years and six months to dig out of this mess!"

He came home late that night, and stepping into the hall of his home, said "Ugh!" as tho he had been hit hard. Then he stood blinking. Soft-shaded electric lamps threw their glow on richly colored rugs and hangings in their proper places. The floors positively glistened. Every inch of mahogany shone. Flowers and ferns drooped above jardinieres. Brixbill crept upstairs dazedly.

"I beg your pardon!" he ejaculated, when he set foot in his bedroom. He was used to a blue room and this was a pink room—pink from the cretonne hangings to the rosebud paper, and the last ribbon bow on the dresser fixings.

The woman in pink negligee and pink-decked boudoir cap who reclined on the couch languidly reading a magazine as if there was nothing else on earth for her to do gazed up at him scornfully.

"You said," she remarked, in cold tones, "that I couldn't do it!"

"Yes, it's your voice," said Brixbill, relievedly. "That's not changed! Yes, and I'll bet you could have done it long ago, only you wanted to torment me! Say! It seems good to have a home again!"

* * *

### The Thrifty Scot.

"Can you oblige me with a light?" said a Scotsman, as he bit off the end of a cigar and looked around a smoking carriage on the Great Northern Railway. One traveler produced an empty box with apologies; another said he didn't smoke, and didn't carry matches.

"Can ye give a light?" repeated the Scotsman to the third, who stolidly looked out of the window. Then the Scotsman's finger went reluctantly into his own pocket. "Weel, weel," he murmured, "I'll jist need to tak' ane o' my

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### Natural Reason.

"Why does a man never laugh when you pull a chair from under him?"

"Why should he?"

"Doesn't it upset his gravity?"

### A Common Misfortune.

"My brother had part of his speech cut out by an operation yesterday."

"Who was the operator?"

"Our telephone girl."

# QUEER EASTER EGGS

### Result of Training.

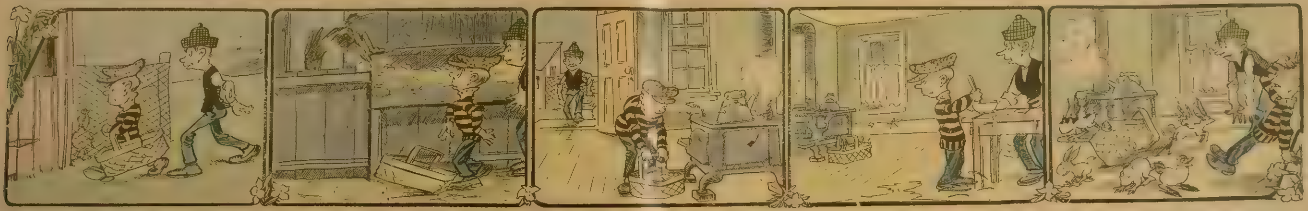
"How expertly that lawyer pumps his witnesses!"

"That's because he used to be a milkman."

### The Latest Occupation.

"Where [illegible] born?" Cairo, Ill.

"What's your occupation [illegible]



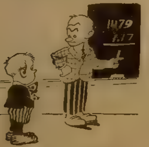
Stubbs—"Come on, Slim, we'll get the eggs out of the hen-house and dye 'em for Easter!

"Holy hens! Old Bunny knows it's Easter time and has been sittin' on the eggs!

"I'll set 'em right here by the warm stove while we get the dye-stuff ready to color 'em.

"What is all that racket over by the stove?" Something is happening to the eggs! They must be hatchin'!

"Wow! Hatched is right! But what a mess that old fool rabbit made of it by sittin' on hen's eggs! [illegible]



Teacher—"If a farmer sold 1,479 bushels of wheat for $1.17 a bushel, what would he get?"

Boy—"A second-hand auto."

### His Only Chance.

"*I believe*," *said the impatient man, as he put aside the telephone,* "that I'll go fishing."

"Didn't know you cared for fishing," said the bookkeeper.

"I don't, ordinarily. But it's the only chance I have of finding myself at the end of a line that isn't busy."

### Long Nights.

On arriving in this country Pat was met at the pier by his brother Mike, who had been in America some years, and was taken to his home. Early on the following morning the new arrival was awakened by an alarm clock, an invention that was entirely new to him.

"Shure and Oi say, Moike," he exclaimed, springing out of bed, "the noights here in America must be the longest av any place in the worruld."

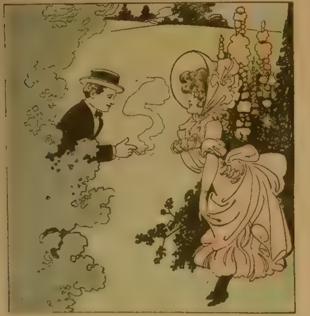
"Begorra, Oi don't know about thot," was the sleepy rejoinder of Brother Mike. "Phat makes you think so?"

"Didn't yez hear that clock?" returned Pat, pointing toward the bureau. "It must have struck at laste a thousand."

### Unfair Treatment.

The wounded soldier explained his grievance to his nurse.

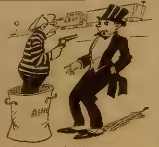
"You see, old Smith was next me in the trenches. Now, the bullet that took me in the shoulder and laid me out went into 'im and made a bit of a flesh wound in his arm. Of course I'm glad he wasn't 'urt bad. But he's stuck to my bullet and given it his girl. Now, I don't think that's fair. I'd a right to it. I'd never give a girl o' mine a second 'and bullet."



She—"I felt so sorry for Dorothy; she had to miss that beautiful Easter sermon."

He—"Sickness in the family?"

"No, she didn't get her new hat in time."



"Pardon me, but have you seen a cop around here?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, then, hold up your hands and fork over your watch and money!"

### How the Reporter Knew.

Lord Dufferin delivered an address before the Greek class of the McGill University about which a reporter wrote:

"His lordship spoke to the class in the purest ancient Greek without mispronouncing a word or making the slightest grammatical solecism."

"Good heavens!" remarked Sir Hector Langevin to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, "how did the reporter know that?"

"I told him," was the conservative statesman's answer.

"But you don't know Greek."

"True; but I know a little about politics."

### Deceiving the Horse.

Twice as the horse bus slowly wended its way up the steep hill the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed, but the third time they demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist!" cautioned the driver. "Don't spake so loud. He'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The hoss. Spake low. Shure Oi'm desavin' the crayture. Every toime he 'ears th' door close he thinks wan o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises is sperrits."

### A Careful Man.

"I cannot understand why my second husband is so fastidious," confessed a Washington lady to her bosom friend. "He scarcely eats anything. My first husband, who died, used to eat everything I cooked for him."

"Did you tell your present husband that?"

"Yes."

"That's the reason."

### Very Elusive.

"I'd like to know who originated the idea that olives should be speared," he snorted after several ineffectual attempts.

"Don't agree with him, eh?"

"I do not. Olives ought to be handled with a scoop."

### An Important Question.

He had been calling on her twice a week for six months, but had not proposed.

"Ethel," he said, "I—er—am going to ask you an important question."

"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "this is so sudden! Why I——"

"No, excuse me," he interrupted, "what I want to ask is this: What date have you and your mother decided upon for our wedding?"

### Easy Enough.

While walking along a dusty road in Illinois in his circuit days Lincoln was overtaken by a stranger driving to town.

"Will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?" asked Lincoln.

"With pleasure. But how will you get it again?"

"Oh, very readily! I intend to remain in it," was Lincoln's prompt reply.

### In Line.

"Even the elements appear to be adapting themselves to the exigencies of war."

"How now?"

"Only yesterday I was reading of a khaki-colored cloud."

### Tired Out.

"Is the first edition of your book exhausted yet?"

"No. Why?"

"I thought it might be from standing so long on the counters."

### Calling in Aid.

A herculean soldier, arriving at Liverpool by rail, somewhat travel-stained, was passing along Lime street when he stopped and called on a street arab to shine his boots. His feet were in proportion to his height, and, looking at the tremendous boots before him, the arab knelt down on the pavement and, hailing a companion near by, exclaimed:

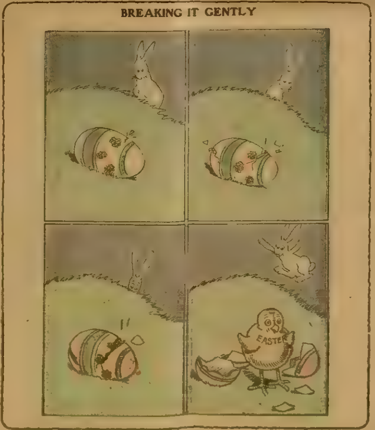
"Billie, come o'er and gie's a hand, I've got an army contract."

### Cutting Down the Message.

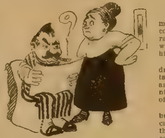
A man took the following telegram to a telegraph office: "Mrs. Brown, Center street: I announce with grief the death of Uncle James. Come quickly to read the will. I believe we are his heirs.—John Black."

The telegraph clerk, having counted the words, said: "There are two words too many, sir."

"Cut out 'with grief,'" was the reply.



BREAKING IT GENTLY



His Wife—"I should think it would make you awful mad to have the papers lie about you the way they do."

Senator Thomas Rott—"That doesn't bother me. The only time I get stirred up is when they hit on the truth."

### EASTER HATS.

I.

Now mother quickly counts the fleeting weeks,
  Which must elapse before the Eastertide.
At millinery openings she seeks
  The newest shapes; she'd gladly lay aside
Her winter hat. It looks forlorn, alas;
  For it has lost the sprightliness of youth.
She dreads to pin it on before the glass,
  And longs to give it to the maid, in truth.
She does not think that she would care for black,
  Tho black is good and certain not to fade;
And she could vary it—she has the knack.
  Well, which would suit her better, straw or braid?
One thing she knows: it must be chic and rare,
And if the price is high she will not care.

II.

It's father's way to laugh at women's frills,
  Their changing fashions and their fol de rols;
His laughter ceases when he gets the bills,
  For then his sudden anger forth he bawls.
His clothes, he boasts, are sensible and cheap.
  He cannot spare the time for fuss and show.
And yet the records that his tailors keep
  Would indicate their prices are not low.
He does not need to plan and search the shops.
  Of all his cares his raiment is the least.
It waits his disposition. Now he stops
  His duties, mindful of the coming feast,
And goes to purchase, from a dealer near,
A hat just like one he's worn all year!

### No Doubt.

"Money has wings."

"I suppose that is why we speak of taking a flyer."

### He Knew the Time.

On one of the recent stormy nights a man was hastening home with his overcoat buttoned up to his neck. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too lazy to unbutton his coat in order to get at his watch.

Just then he saw a man of well-dressed appearance coming in the distance, and remarked to himself, "I'll ask this gentleman the hour of the night, and so save myself the trouble of unbuttoning my coat."

He perceived that the stranger was buttoned up just as he was. When he came up, the man who wanted to know the time touched his hat politely and said:

"Sir, do you know what time it is?"

The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his coat from top to bottom, unbuttoned his undercoat and finally pulled out his watch, while the cold wind beat against his unprotected chest.

Holding up the watch so that the light would shine upon it, he scrutinized it an instant, and said:

"Yes."

Then he passed on without another word.

### Remembering His Name.

Two women who were picking out the wall paper for an apartment had made some progress, but had not finished when it was time for luncheon. The salesman had been obliging and expeditious and on the way out the customers asked his name of the manager so they could call for his services later. His name was Sheridan and they decided to clinch it by thinking of Sheridan's Ride.

Two hours later they returned and said they would like to see Paul Revere.

"Do you believe marriages are made in heaven?"

"Probably. Heaven only knows why some are made."

### She Didn't Know Slang.

There is a certain young man who used to be notoriously egotistic. Some of his acquaintances [illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible]

"Oh, Mr. Smith, [illegible] glad you are better. [illegible] that you had a swelled head."

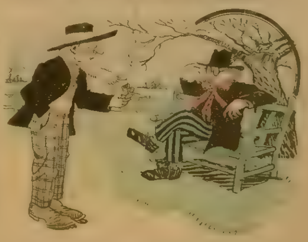
### The Commercial Mind.

"[illegible] ran away with Duncan's wife."

[illegible]

"Poor Duncan was [illegible] committed suicide."

"Oh, then I come [illegible]



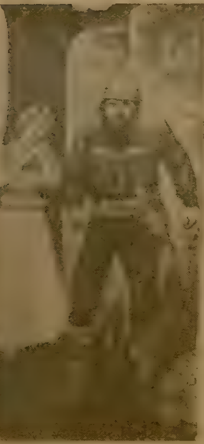
Poet—"Oh, yes! I am here to get local coloring for a pastoral poem!"

Farmer—"You're getting it! I just painted that settee yesterday!"

# STRONG JACOB OF EDEN

## Or, The Wilderness Waif

### By William H. Manning



*He walked slowly away.*

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[illegible] in No. 12, March [illegible] [illegible] tions can begin with that issue [illegible] copies can be obtained from news [illegible]

CHAPTER XVII

JUDITH, confronting Captain Gregory, looked at him in brief wonder. She had always disliked the man and knew of Ben Reed's distrust of him, but he had previously been urbane and smiling in her presence, and now, hearing his harsh speech, she forgot her latest information for the moment and was surprised.

"Why, sir," she replied, "what do you mean?"

"Find your answer in what I overheard you tell Jacob Lee a few minutes ago," Gregory retorted. "You said to him that you had heard me represented as being responsible for the outbreak of the Sciorras. If what you charge is correct you cannot expect consideration from me. If not true, I will give no consideration. In either case it is clear that the day is past when I am to be regarded as a friend, so I assume the condition of an enemy. I am an enemy. Is that plain?"

Judith looked at him in fresh fear, born of recollection of the tidings she had passed along to Jacob, together with increased wonder at Gregory's manner. He did not seem like himself. He was no longer suave, but rough, arrogant, and without the polish she would expect such a man to carry even in open villainy.

She noticed, too, that his eyes glittered oddly, and that his face was flushed as if from strong drink or fever.

"Come along!" he added harshly. "You go with me where I will it!"

He took a step toward her, but a deep voice broke in close at hand.

"Stop, Captain Gregory!"

Jacob Lee was there. The assistant missionary had noticed that the baying of the dog was receding, and had returned. A few words had reached him as he neared his charge, and made the situation clear. Now he faced the captain with his usual calm but dominating manner. Gregory stared at him for a moment, and then the color rushed to his face with even greater redness than before.

"Back with us, parson?" he sneered. "Well, I am not sorry to see you, for I already owe you a debt, and I'll pay it now. Before doing it let me say that it is true that I egged Red Beaver on to stir matters up at the mission. I suddenly got in the mood to enjoy that sort of pleasure. That is confession number one. The rest will keep. Yes, Parson Who-Thinks-He-Has-a-Brain, I owe you a debt. Take your pay!"

At the last word he whipped forth a pistol and leveled it at the missionary. Resourceful as Jacob was, there was no chance to prevent the shot. It came, but not Jacob but the treetop was the target that was hit. The would-be assassin's hand had been knocked upward and the shot went wild. Mark Ballard was on the scene.

The hunter, hot with anger, did not rest there, but with resistless strength forced Gregory to his knees. There was a struggle, but Jacob came forward and it soon ended.

"Mr. Lee," Ballard directed, "be so good as to find stout vines and we will make this knave prisoner and carry him to the mission. From there to some town where the courts and law will deal with him is not an overlong journey. Get the vines!"

Gregory, helpless of muscle, was not passive of tongue. He railed at his captors and abused them freely, but his power was gone for the time. Jacob found and brought the substitute ropes, but Judith had been observing the captive closely, and when he was bound she asked her two protectors to step aside and spoke gravely.

"That man is guilty of enough to condemn him," she said, "but have you looked at him critically? Something is wrong with him. Perhaps he has received a wound, for I do not think his mind is right. I wish we knew just what the trouble is before we deal too severely with him. If you carry him away as a prisoner——"

"It suddenly occurs to me that perhaps taking him would be injudicious," Mark broke in. "Ben Reed has given me strict orders not to molest Gregory—I had forgotten it for the moment—for he believes that if he can come upon him he can trail him to where Sister Eve is. You perhaps know that Ben firmly believes the captain abducted her."

Tears sprang to Judith's eyes.

"I fear poor Sister Eve is no longer [illegible]," she said tremulously.

"Revenge, however, does not die [illegible]," retorted Mark, forcibly. "That will live, and Ben is its exponent. Lee if you agree we will liberate Gregory and set him adrift without weapons."

"That will more than please me," Jacob answered. "Let us temper victory with mercy"

They returned to the prisoner and set him free, ordering him to get away at once and trouble them no more. He seemed suddenly confused, and, contrary to expectation, accepted the situation almost passively. Dismissed, he walked away slowly. All looked after him in wonder, and Jacob seemed beset by a problem.

"He is like a man with fever," he said to Judith, but, as chance would have it, so low that Mark did not hear.

The latter waited until his enemy was out of sight, and then turned quickly to Judith.

"There is good news to tell," he announced. "Father Caleb and his wife, as well as Martha Otis, Thomas, and some of the children are back at the mission. The hostile Sciorras unexpectedly ceased their persecution, and our friends found their way home. Only little Abigail, Yellow Leaf, and Sister Eve are now missing. Our friends will be delighted to see you home, and we owe a world to Brother Jacob, no doubt, for that happy fact."

Meanwhile, Gregory was pursuing his way thru the forest. It was strangely unlike him that he accepted his defeat so tamely and made no effort to turn back. Even his expression showed no trace of that fierce, hot-tempered, masterful disposition that had formerly been much in evidence when he was opposed.

He plodded on almost like one without thought, his face flushed and his steps far from firm, and now and then he carried his hand to his forehead as if an ache was there. Half and hour he walked, heedlessly and often circuitously, and then his head came up with a jerk.

"I'll go there!" he declared. "I'll see her!"

His old alertness partly returned and he set off rapidly. Pursuing a direct line now, he traveled two miles and reached a swampy stretch beyond the fir forest. At that point he stopped abruptly.

"Why," he exclaimed, "the log is in place. I told the fools to remove it."

Frowning, he crossed the object named, passed over some yards of low land, reached a sparsely-wooded knoll, climbed it, and gained view of a hut near its top. Without ceremony he entered and then halted in surprise.

"Empty!" he exclaimed. "What has become of her?"

Looking further he saw a rude, untenanted bed of boughs, and presently other objects met his gaze.

"Somebody has been here since!" he added excitedly. "Yes, and they doctored her, for medicines still remain That can mean but one thing—her mission friends have taken her away. There must be a trail"

Going outside he began to run about, seeking for footprints. Intuition gave him an idea that was presently verified, and he flung forth a bitter, intemperate exclamation.

"Just as I expected!" he added. "Ben Reed has been here. Did they get her away alive, or——"

He was continuing his headlong search when he stepped into a half-hidden hole, fell heavily, and uttered a cry of pain. Drawing himself out of the cavity he tried in vain to rise, winced, and looked down in dismay. His leg was broken.

Getting into a sitting position he was met by the sweep of the situation. He was on the cut-off where Sister Eve had lain deserted. This he knew, but not that the hole into which he had stepped was the partly refilled cache from which Yellow Leaf had taken the articles for cooking. All else, just then, was subordinate to one crushing fact. Crippled and helpless, he was without weapons or food and miles from human aid.

Comprehension of his predicament made his blood leap with strange heat, and with the rush came the recollection that Sister Eve had battled with fever—thus far his thoughts, and then came a new idea so terrible as to unman him. The forest waif had, as he well knew, been beset with the peculiar fever bred at the headwaters of the Misfortune River, and he realized that he had contracted that fever from her.

His recent languor, loss of appetite, changeable moods, and feverish tendencies were now clear of expl[illegible]. When he sent men with the [illegible] orders to leave her alone to die on the

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isolated knoll, he had sealed his own fate. The wretched man groaned aloud. Horror was upon him. Twice he had doomed Sister Eve to death in solitude, and his crime had recoiled upon himself. Wildly he tried to rise, and, failing, beat the air with his arms, but the situation was pitiless

Alone, without food, helpless from his broken leg and burning with the fever, he lay on the swamp "island" where he had decreed that Sister Eve should die.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A FEW days later the mission was again a place of peace. Father Caleb basked in the sun of renewed serenity, with all of his personal and official family with him, found the world a very pleasant world and the goodness of Providence full of wonders.

In the hospital lay the wilderness waif, conscious and recuperating, no longer nameless, no longer in danger from any source. In another building Sandy Murch was fighting a losing fight, his life ebbing away from the effects of the clubbing received at the hands of stout old Yellow Leaf. Ben Reed, tireless on the trail, had reached the cut-off not long after the gnarled man's downfall, and, soon after, by hastening to Bending Willow's village, had secured men to convey Sister Eve and Sandy to the mission, accompanied by Yellow Leaf and Abigail. Since then, by the combined feeble statement of the waif and the confession of Sandy, much of the tangled truth had been learned.

In a business where dishonorable trickery was overlooked in a degree, Captain Gregory had long exceeded pardonable limits and yet managed to cover up his ill deeds. At last, acting as leader of a fur-brigade, he had aimed a secret stroke at a similiar organization, one led by a certain Jules Buffier, that was so lawless and cruel that, if known, it would bring severe punishment, if not death, upon its perpetrator.

By chance Buffier's daughter, Cecile, learned the truth, and Gregory was aware of her discovery. If she told he was ruined. He kidnaped her, preventing suspicion by a plausible story, took her to the island in the Columbia where Ben first saw her, and, knowing she was in the grasp of the Misfortune River fever, prepared to leave her to die, but Ben's attack baffled his scheme.

Escaping from the river by a narrow margin, and seeing the necessity of securing possession of the girl before she regained her senses, he summoned Sandy Murch, a favorite helper in his evil deeds, stationed him to skulk near the mission, and then presented him openly later, when he brought voyageurs to forward the work.

These men never went to the mouth of the Columbia, but, halting a few miles away, they acted when Gregory ordered. Disguised as Indians they stole Sister Eve—or, properly, Cecile—away and took her to the cut-off. Deserted, it was expected she would die there alone and unfound by her friends.

He had long been on intimate terms with Heart-That-Is-Strong, and, at one time, thru that chief's advice, had thought to forestall action by the voyageurs and kidnap Cecile with the help of real Indians. A selected few went to the mission, but Sandy made an error, mistook one of them for Thomas, the cook, thought him a spy, and killed him with a knife-thrust.

Heart-That-Is-Strong was kept in ignorance of part of this, and, being hot with anger, he was urged on by Gregory to attack the mission. It was done, but, with all things progressing favorably, one of the voyageurs, stung by conscience, spread the untrue statement that white soldiers were on their way up the river, so the Indian outbreak collapsed at one stroke.

Father Caleb and his party, helpless at one moment, were free, the next moment, to find their way back to the mission, which they gradually did. From Sandy it had now been learned that the voyageurs, either thru remorse or because of the soldier scare, had rebelled against Gregory, deserted him, and hastened back toward the Northern trapping-grounds

Of Gregory, himself, no sign was seen, and it was supposed that, friendless now that Sandy had fallen by the wayside, he, too, had fled to the North.

Red Beaver's Indians, frightened by their recent outbreak, had become very meek, and all the more so because Heart-That-Is-Strong was suffering from a severe wound, received from his fellow brave in the forest when they quarreled over the possession of Judith. Bending Willow, released from terror of his red kinsmen, was again very friendly, so the dark clouds were gone from Eden Mission.

No property had been destroyed in the raid, but considerable labor was necessary in getting under way again properly. In this work Strong Jacob was very hopeful, showing administrative ability that delighted Father Caleb and took many burdens from his shoulders

"There was never another worker like Brother Jacob!" the good man declared. "He masters every difficulty, and does it capitally. I feel that with his help we shall make this mission wonderfully successful in the future."

This was said the sixth day after the reunion, and yet, that evening, Jacob requested a private interview with the missionary and Judith, and, grave, even sad and dispirited, he spoke with directness.

"Father Caleb, and you, Miss Judith, I have something of importance to place before you. Mr. Harper, as soon as matters are a little more settled here I am going to leave Eden Mission."

"To leave?" gasped Father Caleb.

"Yes, sir. I am going farther north, to do work among wilder men, and to try and help them as you have helped the needy here."

"But, Jacob, I want you with us!" cried the missionary. "I've never had another assistant who pleased me as you do, and I have hoped for great results here, with your wonderful ability to aid us."

"Good sir," Jacob answered, his voice wavering a little, "it would give me deep happiness if it could be so, but I am utterly unfit to labor with you. A wolf is not wanted among lambs. Stay, stay!—do not object to my words until you hear the truth. I am here for confession. Sir, when I came and announced myself as Jacob Lee I was guilty of falsehood. My name is not Jacob Lee, I was never at Peace Mission, California, and, more than that, I never was a missionary."

Father Caleb sat speechless. Judith caught her breath sharply. She realized that she was to listen to the new assistant's story, but could not surmise its import.

"Hear me!" Jacob continued, again firm of manner. "I do not know my real name. My earliest recollections are of being with a man, a fortune-teller and juggler, who wandered along the Mississippi River, chiefly on steamboats. His name was Peter Clayes, and I was called Barrington Clayes, but it was a combination without meaning, given to me by Peter. He told me once that he did not know my real name. Whether he spoke the truth I do not know, nor whether his claim that he found me in my babyhood, after a steamer's wreck, was so

"When I was about 12 years old he died suddenly. I was left alone, on a Mississippi steamboat. For a time its captain kept me, but as I grew older I was made much of by river sharpers, gamblers, thieves, and the like, and became formally their associate. They taught me to play games of chance, and at 18 I was a gambler.

"Let me go on swiftly. Sir, never in my life did I have the guiding hand of a really good person, but only the teachings of evil-doers, and I became what I was as naturally as a chip floats on a stream. For years I did not know there was a better way of living, so I followed what I supposed was the only way

"Before I was 21, however, I had an awakening, and, after I nearly lost my life by trying to save a victim of my lawless associates, I broke away from them, went to a distant place, and secured honest employment. Six months of peace were mine, and then my employer learned what I had been and discharged me. I returned to river gambling, discouraged, and kept it up for two years.

"Let me avoid details. Twice more I abandoned my vile life and engaged in lawful labor, but each time I was finally recognized and set adrift. It seemed that nobody wanted a man like me

"Two years ago, in California, I was charged with a grave crime, tho quickly liberated. A man named Absalom Randall was murdered at a small place called Moundway by one John Pugh. The slayer was little known, and, it seemed, looked like me, so I was confounded with him for a time, and printed rewards had gone out for the arrest of Barrington Clayes, alias John Pugh. This Pugh was soon arrested, fully identified, tried, and hanged.

"Being mixed up with this matter sobered me more than ever, and, tho I had lately been discharged from work, I vowed never to add another item of doubtful nature to my record. Since then I have been engaged in humble, laborious callings, trying to get a little money ahead so I might embark in business for myself

"A few weeks ago I decided to go to Vancouver. When near the Columbia I came upon another traveler who was lying in the forest under a tree, crushed by the fall of a branch in a strong wind and near his end. I heard his story. His name was Jacob Lee. He had long been a missionary, and had lately been at Peace Mission, but had engaged to come here as your assistant.

"A full day I was with him before he died, caring for him as best I could. He had made two requests of me. The first, that I bury him under the tree, I complied with faithfully. The second, that I announce his fate, I intended to carry out, but afterthoughts came.

"He had told me his story of good works in the missionary field, and of his mental reward for aiding weaker, ignorant men and women, and he left me full of the subject. His had been a glorious life. He had forsaken self to give bodily, spiritual, and other help to his fellow beings, and, stirred to the depths of my nature, I stood there in the wilderness and cried aloud: 'Oh! that I were Jacob Lee, and going to Eden Mission to save souls!'

"At first it seemed a wild dream, but its color changed with thought. Jacob Lee had told me that he was wholly unknown personally here. It occurred to me that possibly I could assume his identity and come to you. I had once been a full month at another mission, sick and, later, convalescent, and there observed the routine closely, while Jacob had given many details as he lay under the tree. Moreover, I had read the Bible much, and my memory was retentive. In a degree, I was equipped for the work in this field.

"Little was to be lost by failure and much to be gained by success. I decided on the strange venture. Assuming no disguise except to shave off my heavy beard, I adopted the deceit and came here as Jacob Lee.

"You, Mr. Harper, did not suspect me, but, for some reason, Miss Judith looked at me too closely for my comfort. Worried lest somebody here might know me by sight, I took early steps to see all of your official family. To see Sister Eve I even went secretly to

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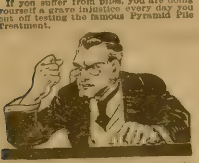

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You wear [illegible] for it [illegible] Your word is all the security we ask [illegible] class us with ordinary tailoring houses. We are "different!" You'll be delighted.

DeLuxe Book of New Styles FREE
[illegible] and Summer Sty[illegible] the actual cloth [illegible] most beautiful [illegible] est designs from worl[illegible] est style centers. Send postal or letter NOW! Get free style book Don't delay! Write today!
Stanley Rogers Co.
5515 Clark St., Chicago.

$1,000 REWARD
[illegible]

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Total cost only $7.50 by Our 7 MONTHS TIME Purchase Plan
to prove to you that this magnificent Royal has the Sweetest, Purest, Loudest and Clearest tone—to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the trust machines that sell at $25.00—to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the [illegible] and control the music. Shipped with a supply of 10 inch double disc records [illegible]
AT OUR EXPENSE
[illegible] record book and other literature. They are free.
G. H. DAVIS [illegible], 6101 May St., CHICAGO

UNIFORMS
Base Ball, Band, Bell-Boys, Ushers, Firemen, W.O.W., Etc. Catalog and samples free
Mention Kind Wanted.
Western Uniform Co.
202 S. Clark St. CHICAGO

ACORN UNI-LITE FREE

Turns night into day. 300 candle power. Carry as a lantern; use anywhere as a lamp. Weather proof [illegible] barn, garage [illegible] and around the farm. Write for big free offer. Special opportunity to farmers, stockmen and motorists. Agents make big money. Write tonight.
ACORN BRASS MFG. CO. [illegible] Sears Bldg., Chicago

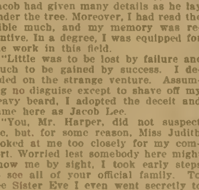
GIVEN 4 RINGS & BRACELET
Sell 20 Lamp Wicks, 5c each. Send money and we will give you 4 Rings and Bracelet. We trust.
MINERAL WICK CO.
DEP. 30, PHILA., PA.

Erickson Artificial Limb Co. 16 Wash. Av. No., Minneapolis, Minn.

Light
Does Not Chafe Overheat or Draw End of Stump

DROPSY Treated One Week [illegible] breathing relieved in a few hours swelling and water removed in a few days, regulates liver, kidneys, and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment
Collum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. 6, Atlanta, Ga

Solve This Puzzle and Win a Prize



Here are seven sheep in a pen. By drawing three straight lines you can put each one in a pen by himself. If you can do this, we will send you as a prize, *a surprise package of beautiful season and greeting post cards,* lithographed in rich colors, and also a certificate of entry in our grand contest for an Overland Automobile. All you have to do is to enclose a two cent stamp in your letter to pay postage and cost of mailing

Overland Auto Given Away

Remember the Overland will absolutely be given away at the close of the grand contest. In case of a tie an Overland will be given to each person so tied. Send at once so you can be entered in this great contest. Full particulars by return mail.
THE AUTO MAN, Dept. 48 Des Moines, Ia.

the hospital, in the night time, and peered at her while Martha Otis slept. I was relieved to find the sick girl a total stranger, tho little Abigail saw me there and trouble was narrowly averted.

"Such is my story. Having heard it, Father Caleb, you will want me to go quickly from your sight. One moment, sir, pray let me finish! One so unworthy as myself has no place here, but, if you will show clemency, I will forever thank you if you will permit me to go freely and openly to the far North, where men are very wild and ignorant, and begin life anew. If I have

# Classified Want Ads

## Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged,—irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W D BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

### SALESMEN WANTED

**TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED—EX**perience unnecessary. Earn big pay [illegible] tions, easy work. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for free book, "A Knight of the Grip" and testimonials from hundreds of students we have placed in positions paying $100 to $500 per month. Address Dept. B-37, National Salesmen Training Association, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

**$[illegible].50 PER WEEK AND EXPENSES TO** travel appointing agents for us; send stamp. Box 307, Shelby, N. C.

### AGENTS WANTED

**MIGHTY REPEAT MONEY MAKING MAR**vel, 8 men order 47,520 pkgs first 15 days. Kalomite revolutionizes clothes washing ideas. $100 weekly repeat order business. Abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines. $1,000 guarantee. Absolutely harmless. Kalomite works wonders, women astounded, no experience necessary; credit granted, [illegible] whelming proof. Equitable Corporation [illegible] 172, 215 W. Superior St., Chicago.

**AGENTS—BRAND NEW SPECIALTY—** Aluminum Triplicate Sauce Pan with detachable handle. Cooks 3 different foods on one burner. Saves gas. Lasts lifetime. $150 to $300 per month easy. Send for our catalog of 400 other specialties. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Div. B. L., Lemont, Ill.

**YOU'RE WANTED TO MAKE BIG MONEY** [illegible] exclusive territory selling new patented kerosene lamp burner and wick [illegible]. Doubles light. Everyone buys. Plans [illegible] ternational Mfg. Co., Dept. 588, To[illegible] Ohio.

**AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED** 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days. Profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan, exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

**WANTED — DISTRIBUTERS IN EVERY** [illegible] 4 sample pictures (16 by 20), instructions and agents' price list. Charles T. Doll, (3) Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

**FAST SELLING "KANTLEAK" RAINCOAT** [illegible] earned $60 in 5 days. [illegible]

**LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPRE**[illegible]

**MEN AND WOMEN TO SELL REMARKA**[illegible] easy. Write for new Catalogues. Duquesne Sales Agency, 311 Coltart Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

**AGENTS: I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME THAT'S** a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian [illegible] Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

**SELL CROWE'S NATIVE HERB TABLETS** [illegible] manent business. World's [illegible] Sample and particulars free. [illegible] Co., Detroit, Mich.

**OUR CUSTOM RAINCOATS ARE THE FAST** [illegible] Free Offers. Imperial Raincoat Co., Boston, Mass.

**WRITE FOR SAMPLE HOLLADAY'S NEW** waterproof shoe polish, all colors. Retails 10c. and 25c. 100% profit. Quick sales. Holladay, 258 W. 36th., N. Y.

**YOU CAN SELL OUR RAINCOATS. BIG** commissions; free coat to good agents. Temple Raincoat Co., Templeton, Mass.

**$10.00 PER 1,000 ALLOWED DISTRIB**uting free Soap Samples. Pocket Soap Co., Lebanon, N. H.

### HELP WANTED

**THOUSANDS MEN AND WOMEN WANTED.** Get U. S. Government positions. $75.00 month. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for free list of positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dep't J39, Rochester, N. Y.

**$[illegible] TO $[illegible] PER MONTH EXTRA MONEY** any employed person without interfering with regular work. No selling, no canvassing. Positively no investment. Unemployed need not apply. Address The Silver Mirror Co., 119 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

**WILL ADVANCE EXPENSES AND PAY** straight weekly salary of $18.00 to man or woman with fair education and good references. No canvassing. Staple line. Old-established firm. G. M. Nichols, Philadelphia, [illegible]

**CHAUFFEURS, CUT SIX WEEK TERMS** while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dep't. J869, Rochester, N. Y.

**BE DETECTIVE. OPERATE OWN LOCAL** [illegible] Experience unnecessary. [illegible] Norton, Va.

**WANTED MEN—WOMEN. $75.00 MONTH.** List Government Jobs open free. Franklin Institute, Dep't J28, Rochester, N. Y.

### HELP WANTED—MALE AND FEMALE

**JOIN THE ARMY OF THE STOUT AND** Strong. Send your name and address with advertisement and 10 cts to help pay [illegible] age, etc., and we will forward a 75 ct [illegible] of Waymor—the wonderful new flesh builder. Send today and note the rapid improvement. Waymor Co., Dept. D, Washington, D. C.

### INSECTS WANTED

**SPEND SPARE TIME PROFITABLY** [illegible] ring butterflies, millers, many wanted [illegible] Artwork. I pay highest prices [illegible] and 8 page folder. Sinclair, Box 244 D 90

### MALE HELP WANTED

**CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS OPEN** the way to good Government positions. I can coach you by mail at small cost. Full particulars free to any American citizen of [illegible] or over. Write today for booklet CE-1024. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

**MOTORMEN-CONDUCTORS. $80 MONTH**ly. Interurbans everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Qualify now. State age, booklet free. Electric Dept. 770, Syndicate Trust, St. Louis, Mo.

**GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OF**fice, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

**FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN; $100 MONTH**ly, experience unnecessary. Hundreds needed by the best railroads everywhere. Particulars free. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

**MOTORMEN AND CONDUCTORS. $70 TO** $100 monthly. Experience unnecessary. Free particulars. 686 Electric Railway Bu[illegible]

**FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, ALL RAILROADS;** $120 monthly. Experience unnecessary. Railway Association, Dept. P-34, Brooklyn, New York.

**I WILL START YOU EARNING $4 DAILY** at home, silvering mirrors; free instructive [illegible] G. F. Redmond, Dept. 400, Boston, [illegible]

**BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00** [illegible] Kansas City, Mo.

**BE A DETECTIVE; EARN $50-$100 WEEK**ly, travel over the world. Experience unnecessary. American Foreign Detective Institute, 117 Chemical, St. Louis.

**GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOR**ough instruction, $5. Returned if not wanted. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

**WANTED—MEN, WOMEN. $75.00 MONTH.** List Government jobs open, free. Franklin Institute, Dep't J 170, Rochester, N. Y.

### FEMALE HELP WANTED

**LARGE MANUFACTURER WILL ESTAB**[illegible] lars address [illegible] Phila., P[illegible]

**A RARE OPPORTUNITY, MAKE COMFORT**able living home sewing plain cloth seams, any sewing machine. Steady. No canvassing. No triflers reply. Send 10c for samples, etc. Returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Jobbers Sewing, B. L. F., Rehoboth, Del.

**WANTED—DUST CAPS MADE. PLENTY** work or money back. Send 10c for necessary equipment. Household Garment Com[illegible] Chicago.

**FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO** travel, [illegible] to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

**WOMEN TO SEW: MATERIAL PREPAID** to your house. Plain sewing. No can[illegible]. Send stamped envelope for prices [illegible] Phila., Pa.

**LADIES $2.50 DAILY. STEADY SEWING:** cut material furnished, prepaid, no canvassing, sample 10c. A. & O. Supply Co., Wausau, Wis.

**WANTED—APRON MAKERS. SEND FIF**teen cents. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Shops, 4706 Ellis Ave., Chicago.

### REAL ESTATE

**VIRGINIA & NORTH CAROLINA FARMS** $15.00 per acre and up. Easy payments. Fruit, Dairy, Stock, mild climate. On railroad. Best markets nearby. Write for farm lists, information and N. & W. Rwy. Homeseeker, all free. F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt., Norfolk & Western Ry., 248 N. & W. Bldg., [illegible]

**SMALL MISSOURI FARM, $10 CASH AND** $5 monthly, no interest or taxes, highly productive land, close to three big markets. Write for photographs and full information. Munger, D-138, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri.

### FARMS WANTED

**WANTED—FARMS—HAVE 3,357 BUYERS** describe your [illegible] 746 Farmers' Exchange, Denver, Colo.

### HONEY

**BEST QUALITY NEW CLOVER HONEY.** 30 lb. can $3.45, two or more cans $3.30 [illegible] Facey, Preston, Minn.

### FILMS DEVELOPED

**FILMS DEVELOPED** [illegible] x10 enlargements, 15c. Muench Pub. Co., [illegible]

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**$17.50 MAY MAKE YOU $1,750. INVEST IN** co-operative oil enterprise. Get interest in land and share in wells to be drilled on proven oil property in field where millions are being made. First well now being drilled. Only $17.50; terms $1 monthly. Write for free literature. Mary Owens Oil Co., 438 First National Bank, Houston, Texas.

**INVEST $10. MAY MAKE A FORTUNE.** Others have, why not you? Co-operative oil enterprise; get interested with us in valuable leases and wells to be drilled in proven oil field now making millions, payments $1 monthly. Write for literature and maps. Great Southern Oil Association, 900 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

**$15.00 INVESTED MAY MAKE $1,000** [illegible]. Gets warranty deed, also interest in co-operative oil well we're getting ready to drill in big gusher oil territory. $1 cash, $1 monthly, 4 lots short time, $56. Particulars free. Triangle Oil Co., 407 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

**$25,000 I MADE IN MAIL ORDER BUSI**ness at home, started with $2. No canvassing. Booklet free tells how. 2c postage. Alc Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

**START FEW $$$ WORKING; BIG RETURNS** guaranteed. Write Eastman Butter & Electric Co., Eastman, Wisconsin.

### MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

**$50.00—NIGHTLY—START IN THE MOV**ing Picture business on our installment plan. No experience necessary. Free catalog. Moving Picture Sales Company, Dept. A, 540 Plymouth Place, Chicago.

**$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPI**tal starts you. No experience needed. We teach you the business. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Franklin Building, [illegible]

### MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

**WRITE PHOTOPLAYS. $100 EACH. COR**respondence course unnecessary. Write for free booklet, "How to Write Photoplays." Universal Publishing Company, 104, Fergus Falls, Minnesota.

### OLD COINS WANTED

**WILL PAY $3.00 TO $10.00 FOR FLYING** Eagle cent dated 1856. We pay cash premiums on all rare dimes, quarters, etc., and all rare coins to 1912. Thousands of coins and bills wanted. Send 4c for our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. May mean large profits to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 13, Fort Worth, Texas.

### NAMES

**WE PAY 25c EACH FOR NAMES AND AD**dresses [illegible] for contract. Directory, Grand Rapids, Mich.

### PATENTS

**PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.** Free [illegible] sketch and description of invention. Latest and most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. (Ninety pages.) George P. Kimmel, [illegible] Building, Washington, D. C.

**WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK** of some simple thing to patent. Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

**PATENTS SECURED THROUGH CREDIT** system. Send sketch. Free search and certificate of patentability. Book and list of patent buyers free. Waters & Co., 4276 Warder Bldg., Washington, D. C.

**PATENTS SECURED PROMPTLY. INVEN**tions wanted. Personal attention. Edward [illegible] Kibley, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C.

### CLAM SHELLS WANTED

**MEN MAKE $10.00 A DAY GETTING CLAM** [illegible] for us. Particulars free. Calhoun [illegible]

### MOTORCYCLES

**REBUILT MOTORCYCLES, ALL MAKES,** like new, $25 to $200.00. Every machine guaranteed. New bicycles and motor supplies direct to you at factory prices. Write today for big free catalog and latest bargain price list. Western Supplies Co., 21 Larimer [illegible] Denver, Colorado.

### SONG POEMS

**SONG WRITERS' "KEY TO SUCCESS"** [illegible] lication or sale. Submit poems. Knicker[illegible]

### THEATRICAL

**GO ON THE STAGE. WILL TELL YOU** how. Full particulars for stamp. D. D. [illegible], Box 213, Mason, Mich.

### SHORT STORIES WANTED

**WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS,** etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, 84, Hannibal, Mo.

### MOTOR OILS

**GASO-TONE OR WONDER OIL MAKES** gasoline equal 3c [illegible] Gratzoline, high pow[illegible]. Both are tremendous money savers for gasoline users. 50c gets either secret formula. Marvel Pub. Co., Desk C., New Haven, Conn.

### PERSONAL

**DO YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE** ailments: Dandruff, Falling Hair, Wrinkles, Pimples, Black Heads, Rough Skin, or Superfluous Hair? Our scientific formulas will positively relieve any of these afflictions or money back. Satisfaction [illegible] Write for free advice [illegible] 1 East 42d Street, New York.

**PERSONAL. WANTED QUICK NAME AND** address of reliable, honorable man who would consider matrimony if he could find the right lady for his wife who might assist him financially. More particulars for the man who writes quick. Strictly confidential. (No general deliveries.) Address "Honorable," B 520, Valley, Nebr.

**A LETTER TO DR. ROWE THE SPECIAL**ist will obtain his latest book on symptoms and cure of varicocele, stricture and urinary diseases. Every man should have it; postage 4 cts. Send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**LET ME READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM** your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. H. G. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York City.

**PIMPLES, PUSTULES, ACNE ERUPTIONS,** Red Nose, Marks, Scars, Discolorations permanently eradicated; natural skin restored. Describe case for free booklet. Dr. Rodgers, 36 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

**PARISIAN LOVE ESSENCE. THE GENU**ine imported odor. Delightfully fascinating. Said to induce love. Wins hearts. Lasts months. Postpaid, 50c. J. Bennett, 20 E. Jackson, Chicago.

**FREE. IF NERVOUS, WEAK, RUN DOWN,** write today for a trial package of Hercu[illegible]lin, the wonderful upbuilding tonic. M. Oswald Co., 318 West 42d St., New York.

**WHAT HAPPENED TO ESTELLE. REAL** life Naked Truth. Can't tell about it here. Sent sealed. Plain wrapper. 25c. George W. Baumbach, 95 B St. Marks Place, New York.

**MARRY RICH—BIG LIST OF DESCRIP**tions and photos of congenial people with means FREE. Sealed. Either sex. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Illinois.

**MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL** ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

**MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH** photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

**LOVERS, SEND ONLY 20 CENTS, FOR $1.75** packages Patented Lovine Sachet. Real thing. Guaranteed. Never fails. Union, Box 100, Palatine, Ill.

**ASK ME YOUR FUTURE. SEND BIRTH** date and 10c for Light upon the Mysteries of Your Life. Florence Hawkins, Box 567 E, Redondo Beach, Calif.

**MARRY. MANY WEALTHY, WISH EARLY** marriage, years of experience, descriptions free. "The Successful [illegible]" [illegible]

**"LOVERS PERFUME POWDER." SECRET** and full directions, one dime. Scientific Extract Co., Akron, Ohio.

**MARRY—BIG PAPER WITH ALL NAMES,** addresses and photos, 25c. Box 2265 [illegible] Boston, Mass.

**WIN LOVE. AXIOMS CANNOT INJURE.** Suitable results or money returned, 30c. Wedding, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

**MISS MERRY WIDOW BEFORE THE** bath, 2 poses 10c. Pen Co., Terre Haute.

**LITTLE MISS MABLE IN TWO NATURE** [illegible] 10c. Pendergast Co., Terre Haute.

**SANITO COTS PURE RUBBER THREE** [illegible] BL Box [illegible]

**GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL** paper [illegible] respondent, Toledo, Ohio.

**FUTURE TOLD—10c BIRTHDATE. SATIS**faction guaranteed. Florence Edwards, 305 S. La Salle St., Dept. A, Chicago.

**GET MARRIED: LARGEST MATRIMONIAL** magazine published. Mailed free. H. Jahn, [illegible] Paul, Minn.

**FUTURE AND PAST TOLD. SEND 10c** and birth date. James Smith, 326 Mad[illegible]n

**MARRIAGE PAPER COMPLETE WITH** photos, descriptions, names and addresses 3 months for 25c. Wirn, 64 Grand Rapids, Mich.

**MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUB**lication for sure results, reliable. Eastern [illegible] 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

**YOUNG LADY, 20, WORTH $40,000 WOULD** [illegible] J, Box 584, Messenger, Los Angeles, C[illegible]

**25 BEAUTIFUL POSES CALIFORNIA** bathing girls, 10c. 100, 25c. Enterprise Co., Y-1248 Iowa Ave., Chicago.

**MONEY; $$ FOR WISE MEN. SAMPLE.** [illegible] walked in evil ways it need not prevent me from trying to save the souls and bodies of those who have no teacher in that region. If, sir, in your goodness, you think it possible that one so unworthy as I may be allowed to labor in that remote field, I beg that you will let me go there."

The substitute Jacob ended. His story had been told in a straightforward, manly way, sometimes with calmness, but often with deep feeling, and, toward the end, with slightly trembling voice, but always with evidence of sincerity. Having finished he stood awaiting judgment.

Father Caleb was confused, dismayed, and uncertain, but not speechless.

"Don't go yet!" he exclaimed. "Don't hurry, Jacob. I—I—want time to think. Far be it from me to act harshly. I can see all too plainly that unkind fate made you what you once were—what child can resist the influences of its youth? If your later years were not—ah!—always perfect there is absolutely no reason why you should not be wholly forgiven now. I can also see that you have repented sincerely, and are anxious to do good works for the Power above us. That Power has forgiven you, so who am I, weak mortal that I am, to deny my own poor charity? Good friend, by the merit of your repentance you are washed white. Don't go yet! Jacob, Jacob, how can I do without you? None of us is perfect."

All this had been said hurriedly, confusedly, almost blindly, but Father Caleb was holding his hand before the door to prevent exit.

"I want a long time to think this over," he added. "Yes, five minutes. Don't hurry, Jacob! The only question is whether I ought to urge you to remain among my other assistants, they who have been unspotted from the hour of their birth."

The two men had been so much engaged in studying each other and the facts of the case that they had forgotten their companion. Now Judith rose and stood before them, pale and distressed.

"I, too, have something to say, something to confess——"

"No, no, Judith!" cried Father Caleb, shrilly.

"Yes!" she persisted. "Mr. Lee, when you came here you thought that I looked at you strangely. I did, and there was reason for it. I was once at Peace Mission as a teacher, and I left there in deep tho unmerited disgrace. Money was stolen by somebody. The real Jacob Lee was then there as assistant, and, just then, in full charge, his superior being absent. He thought that the evidence pointed to me—I had been there but a few weeks—and, being a man sometimes unintentionally harsh in his sense of duty, he condemned me and sent me away. When, sir, it was lately announced here that a new assistant was coming, and that he was Jacob Lee from Peace Mission, I expected to see the man who had condemned me. Instead, it was you who came. Do you wonder I looked strangely at you, worried and perplexed? To you both I say that I am not unspotted in some eyes, but that I am innocent of all wrongdoing——"

"I will stake my life on your innocence!" cried Brother Jacob, forcibly.

"You may safely do so!" added Father Caleb, suddenly beaming with joy. "Child, I was waiting to tell you something I heard from Sandy Murch an hour ago. He told me how he tried to blackmail you, but that you were innocent. He was at Peace Mission, that woeful day, and it was he who stole the money. He has confessed fully. Judith, dear lamb, be at peace. There is now no cloud on your grand reputation. Blessed girl, forget that chapter in your life, for it was and always will be only so much to your credit. Your record is white, and your place is in our hearts."

The good man wheeled upon his other companion.

"Jacob, Jacob, don't go!" he cried brokenly. "I can't spare you. I need you here every day. Stay! Here is the place for you to work, now and in the future. I've had time to think, and this is final. Don't go, Jacob!"

He had caught hold of Judith's hand, and now he grasped that of his assistant.

"Young folks," he added, his face aglow with delight, "this is Eden Mission. The name means something. It is my home and yours, and nobody shall leave save to better himself. Jacob, you must not go!"

Two weeks later Ben Reed took the fancy to visit the cut-off, to see the spot from which he had last rescued Sister Eve. He expected to do no more than walk about idly, but something else held him there a long while. When he finally left his expression was serious.

"It was a hard, lonely end Donald Gregory met with," he muttered, "and, villain that he was, I don't think I shall ever be sorry for giving him decent burial. Some wouldn't have done it, but I always did have my weaknesses!"

He walked away in deep thought, his face toward the mission.

So the curtain falls. It falls on Cecile Buffier restored to health and to her father; it falls on Father Caleb and his wife and Martha Otis, Thomas, Yellow Leaf, and Abigail, occupied as usual, and on Strong Jacob laboring zealously as the missionary's right-hand man, no longer harboring a secret, but delighting in good works. Perhaps he now and then remembered Judith with more than common friendliness, but she had gone forth from the mission to be Mark Ballard's wife, and the assistant felt no envy. Delighting in her happiness, he forced his own tenderness back out of sight, and knew that his life was best as it was.

Ben Reed saw all of the old associates occasionally, but mostly he held closely to the depths of the forest. By choice he kept his body where his affections were, in the heart of the woods.

The End.

* * *

## Handle With Care.

"I had a letter from Alicia this morning," announced the woman in the tulle gown. "I am sure you will be delighted at the surprise she has for us."

"I am quite sure I will," replied her husband. "Your sister was a charming girl. Did she say anything about the children?"

"It was all about the children! Seven pages of it, all typewritten, and with strict orders that you and I shall memorize the contents at once."

"Alicia always was so humorous, wasn't she? What's the idea? I never knew her before to send us more than a postal with the stereotyped, 'We are all well; hope you are the same.'"

"This letter was quite different," announced the woman in the tulle gown. "Alicia's husband has been ordered by his firm to leave at once for China on an inspection tour. Alicia has always longed to see the Orient, and so she has decided to accompany him. They leave in three days, which precludes their calling on us to bid adieu. She writes, however, that they will intrust the dear children to our loving care until they return.

"The three little ones are coming with a maid and will arrive tomorrow night at 11:45. Alicia wishes us to meet them at the depot, and from that moment we are to care for her progeny as per schedule."

"She isn't afraid we wouldn't feed 'em, is she? Or that we'd treat them cruelly or anything?"

"Of course not! But Alicia feels that we are inexperienced in the care of children, and has thought it best to enlighten us."

"Huh! Each child will have a 'Directions for caring' tag attached to it, eh? Just like a goldfish, or a rubber plant."

"Directions are in the letter. Two pages on the care of Norbert, aged 2. Two pages on Willie, who is 4. And two on Marjorie, just 6."

"Now look here! Suppose we get those directions mixed. We might use Norbert's directions for Willie. Or Marjorie's on Norbert, or——"

"Well, she says to memorize the instructions thoroly. But"—the woman in the tulle gown read the letter again carefully—"there's something wrong. Why, in these instructions marked 'Norbert,' Alicia does not mention water! She explains minutely how to wake, feed, bathe, and put him to sleep, but not a word about giving him a drink if he should become thirsty before they return!"

"Then no water shall Norbert have! Poor little chap!"

"And in Marjorie's instructions she never mentions sleep; and in Willie's she says nothing of bathing!"

"Then no sleep for Marjorie or bathing for Willie for six months! We'll follow directions if it breaks our necks!"

"We could send them a wireless——"

"Stop! I know a better method. Throw away the instructions, and we'll use common sense in caring for Alicia's kids. I am sure she will have every reason to thank us."

* * *

## Their Mistake.

Two soldiers of England's territorial contingent were sent on a mission so far from headquarters that they had to take an automobile. They were hungry on their return late in the evening, and seeing the sign board of an inn, they drove their car into the yard, and entered the house by way of the back door. A pleasant-faced old lady appeared and addressing her, one of the soldiers said:

"Now, mother, is there anything to eat?"

"Well, you can have some nice cold beef, and if you care to wait half an hour, I'll cook you some potatoes and a cauliflower."

"Ah! Worth waiting for, mother, said the soldier.

She smiled approvingly, and told them to go into her parlor, "if they had a mind," and study her stuffed birds and other curios. In due time they were summoned to the meal, over which they were glad to have her preside, for she talked very entertainingly.

After dinner was over, one of the men said: "Now, mother, how much do we owe you?"

"Oh nothing," she replied, smiling. "There was plenty of beef in, and we grow vegetables ourselves. Besides, I've been very glad to have you."

"But look here, mother, I'd never have come in ordering stuff to eat without expecting to pay for it. You know you can't keep an inn open for nothing. Now, can you, mother?"

"No, I can't, my dear lad. I don't try to. This isn't an inn: it's the house next door."

* * *

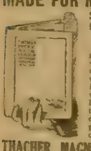
## Reverse English.

The only thing for Blinkinsopp to do, if he wanted his shirt back the next day to be married in, was to take it to the Chinese laundryman.

But Blinkinsopp was such a particular young man about his shirts—he wanted them done in such a special way! How could he tell a Chinaman all that? Still, Blinkinsopp was very clever—he was willing to try anything once. He took the shirt around to Sing Lee.

"Listen, Chineemans," he began. "Shirtee to blee dlone up—see? Bosom soft—no starchee in flont, see? Cuffs stiff—plentee starchee. See Chineemans, flont soft, cuffs hard, alee samee just like I'm a-telling you. Savvy? No starchee.'

"If my honorable customer," mildly interrupted Sing Lee, B. A. (Harvard), "will condescend to outline his wants in less abstruse English, I shall endeavor to launder his garment with scrupulous attention to his specifications."



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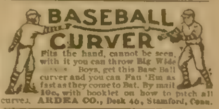

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## GENTLE JABS

The world loves to laugh at a lover.

Man is mister; woman is a mystery

There's nothing more uncertain than a sure thing

Let's not worry; we'll get the earth sooner or later.

Many a courtship is torpedoed on the sea of matrimony

If might doesn't always make right it seldom gets left.

To have what you want is wealth; to do without is power.

If a man has money his funny stories will always get a laugh.

The man who tells you he is no fool may merely be mistaken.

A pretty girl finds nothing but pleasant reflections in her mirror.

And many a dear girl makes the mistake of marrying a cheap man.

If a man has a true sense of humor he knows when not to get funny.

When a man is going down hill he meets a lot of his neighbors going up.

Procrastination is the thief of time—and the plunder cannot be recovered.

Women have been thinking of Easter millinery. Such thinking costs money.

And many a man has ruined his eyesight sitting in a saloon looking for work.

People who are always looking for trouble are never satisfied when they find it.

The weather vane is the only wind instrument that doesn't annoy the neighbors.

A woman has the same ambition to get into society as a man has to keep [illegible]

If a man can afford to sit down and wait for a golden opportunity to come along he doesn't need it.

But when it comes to shoveling snow a man always tries to follow the straight and narrow path.

You may not be able to teach an old dog new tricks, but who wants to be a canine pedagog, anyway?

True religion makes a man feel that it is just as good for his wife to get up and light the fire as it is for himself

The wise leap year girl always pretends to know a trifle less than the young man she is planning to face the parson with.

# Home and Health

### FOR AN EASTER LUNCHEON.

For a centerpiece have a gigantic nest of yellow spun candy daintily filled with candy eggs, fluffy yellow chicks coming out of real eggshells, and fully hatched chicks. Or, in the center build a low round mound of green bordered with little tufts of yellow and white daffodils. Hovering over the flowers add here and there a butterfly—emblem of immortality—cut from writing paper, properly tinted with water colors, and cunningly fastened among the flowers with long needles of fine wire. Sprinkle the cloth with daffodil blossoms and lay a special cluster at each cover.

For favors use porcelain eggs tinted a light yellow, drawn by dainty toy beasties and filled with wee yellow eggs.

Croquettes in egg-shape are nice to serve at Easter luncheons; these croquettes can be made out of eggs, fish, oysters, chicken, potatoes or from almost any combination of meat or vegetables desired. They should be served in nests made of parsley, cress or lettuce leaves, or they are nice served with a green-pea sauce or parsley sauce around them. Fish or oyster croquettes are nice garnished with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley combined.

Salads are always appropriate for luncheons, and many delicious ones for Easter can be made out of eggs, either by themselves or in combination with other things. A nice way to serve a salad at an Easter luncheon is to place portions in individual nests made out of curly lettuce leaves or water cress, and then place three or four eggs cut out of hard-boiled potatoes on top. Egg salad can also be served in form of pond lilies or marguerites.

Cream cheese molded in form of bird's eggs, and speckled with chopped parsley or paprika are nice served in little nests made of water cress or parsley. If consomme or bouillon is to be served, and you are carrying out a color scheme in the Easter colors, it can be colored yellow with scraped carrots or yolk of an egg, or can be colored green with spinach. Custard stars are dainty served in white consomme.

There are many dainty homemade desserts that can be served at Easter luncheons besides ices, but if ices are served it is nice to have them in form of eggs (regular lead molds can be obtained for this purpose), or in the form of a lily. Ices are also nice served in flower cases made out of crepe paper. Sunshine cake and angel food cake are especially appropriate to be served at an Easter luncheon, but any good cake can be glorified for the occasion by icing it in white and decorating it with candied violets, or with angelica and candied fruits put on to represent flowers.

### FASHION NOTES.

Silver lace and dull gold metal lace continue to be used on evening gowns.

It is declared that chic women will all certainly adopt the fully trimmed skirt.

Picot-edged ribbons are extensively used as trimmings in bows and bands under chiffons.

The present season is certain to be one of laces, according to the houses which have already shown their collections.

Gaberdine, which has been a trifle over-worked, looms up in new guise this spring, and it's labeled broadcloth gaberdine. There is also a new whipcord gaberdine that promises to be popular.

Narrow box-plaited ruching is used around the bottom of bodices, to edge cuffs and [illegible] at the sides of a skirt, or it is placed in a narrow width around the bottom of a skirt. A dress of [illegible] material has the skirt carried above the belt in ruche effect

The corset makers promise no radical change in corsets for spring. They will be [illegible] fuller in the hip and probably more [illegible] at the waist with [illegible] higher [illegible] will be [illegible] lower. [illegible] pink corset for dress wear in preference to the white. Light flesh-colored grounds with darker brocaded figures will distinguish the [illegible]

A revival of [illegible] fabrics is taking place [illegible] because of the [illegible] also because of the revival of old-time fashions. Mohair and brilliantine both possess a resilient quality desirable for the latest silhouette. Lansdowne is also being revived. Surah silks will be used for suits and separate frocks.

### NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

A pair of baby pins to hold the little sleeves the right length or to pin the small yoke or bib, can be fashioned from two of the tiny gilt safety pins, by sewing a small chiffon rose and a few green leaves in the center of each pin. The rose is formed by wrapping a double fold of chiffon around and around until the desired size is attained, while the leaves are formed by cutting bits of satin into the correct shape. Roses made of ribbon, or forget-me-nots of chiffon or ribbon would look as well.

Attractive skirt hangers can be made of crochet. Left-over crochet cotton can be utilized in this way, as only about nineteen rows of double crochet, a little over an inch in width, are needed for the hangers. The first row is crocheted in an ivory ring, taking single stitches over the ring. Double crochet stitches are then taken back and forth until the desired length, which should be about nineteen rows, is completed; the last row being crocheted over the bar on a large gilt safety pin. These hangers are more unusual than those made of ribbon and also more practical, as they have a certain elasticity. Mercerized crochet cotton or fiber crochet silk may be used.

### HEALTH NOTES.

For the patient's meal time it is well to have a back rest for the pillows. If a ready-made one is not procurable use chair cushions or a board.

Don't urge the little one to toddle before nature permits. When the tiny limbs are strong enough, baby will walk of its own accord. Bandy legs and spinal trouble can often be traced to a premature strain upon infant limbs.

A formula for a lotion to use on the hands after washing is fifteen grains of powdered borax, fifteen grains of common table salt, one-half dram of spirits of ammonia, one dram oil of orange, two ounces of glycerin, and six ounces of alcohol.

Never resort to that abominable practice of clipping a child's eyelashes to promote their growth. It considerably weakens them, and is injurious to the eyes. Don't let baby sleep with a strong light on his eyes; let his resting-place be softly shaded.

### RECIPES.

EGG SAUCE—Add the chopped yolks of two or three hard-boiled eggs to drawn butter sauce.

CODFISH OMELET—Break into small pieces the thickest parts of a dressed cod, season with a little grated nutmeg and a little pounded mace. Beat up six eggs well and mix with it, forming it into paste. Fry it as an omelet, and serve as hot as possible

FRIED OYSTERS—Take large-sized oysters, drain and dry. Dip in egg and cracker crumbs. Fry in hot butter, add one tablespoonful of water to your egg when you beat it up. It makes it stick better. Serve very hot.

MEAT LOAF—Two pounds round steak put thru the grinder, five crackers ground, one cup milk, butter size of egg, one egg, little pepper and salt. Bake in a bread tin slowly two hours.

CHOCOLATE PIE—One-half cup of sugar, two level tablespoons of cornstarch, one tablespoon of chocolate or cocoa, yolks of two eggs, a little salt two cups of milk, vanilla Bake in one crust. Beat whites of two eggs and one tablespoon of sugar, spread over pie when done and brown lightly

APPLE DOWDY—Cut up apples in pudding dish in quarters (in eighths if apples are hard), sprinkle about four tablespoons of sugar over the apples, a few drops of lemon extract and some bits of butter. Add about a tablespoon of water Make nice pie crust and cover Bake about an hour Eat hot with whipped cream flavored with vanilla or nutmeg Fill dish quite full of apples, as they shrink in cooking

### BE CORDIAL.

It is a great mistake to assume a stiff or formal manner when introduced to another, as the latter will be apt to feel hurt or snubbed. Always be gracious [illegible], maintain a certain reserve when dealing with a person who is a stranger. When a man is introduced to a woman it is not necessary for her to rise or to shake hands unless there is some special reason for so doing.

A woman should always rise when another woman is presented to her. It is not necessary for her to shake hands, however, unless she wishes to be very cordial. It is the woman's privilege to offer her hand, altho, if she sees that the man has his hand extended, she usually takes it to save him a feeling of awkwardness. Older women, like young persons, usually shake hands when young girls are presented to them, and it is kind to do so

At receptions and balls the hostesses receive the guests with a smile and nod, shaking hands only with their friends

### WHITE-HAIRED WOMEN.

The reason why there are so many charmingly dressed white-haired women and so few charmingly dressed women with pepper and salt hair is because during the transition stage of the coiffure woman has not learned to adjust herself to it. By the time the hair has become snow-white its wearer has found out that the colors of youth are no longer possible and has discovered the new range of shades which, once forbidden, are now possible to her changed coloring. For instance, no gray-haired woman should wear brown—to go even further, no gray-haired woman should select a brown-walled room as her background. Green and navy blue are her chosen shades. Peacock blue and paradise yellow are exceedingly becoming, but sky blue and fawn color she should not wear. The woman who has always found black veils chic and becoming discovers to her chagrin, after her locks have turned gray, that black veils make her look older, rather haggard. Then one day she makes a happy discovery about white veils. The white veil is the peculiar property of the white-haired woman It softens her face and lends it freshness, and it blends beautifully with the silver tone of her hair.

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## At Eastertide.

Amazing, beauteous change,
A world created anew!
My thoughts with transport range
The lovely scene to view,
In all I trace,
Savior divine,
The work is thine,
Be thine the praise!

See crystal fountains play
Amid the burning sands;
The river's winding way
Shine thru the thirsty lands;
New grass is seen,
And o'er the meads
Its carpet spreads
Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew
Intwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, forever new,
The painted fields adorn.
The blushing rose
And lily there,
In union fair,
Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountains stood,
All bare and disarrayed,
See the wide branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade.
Tall cedars nod,
And oak and pines
And elms and vines
Confess thee God.

The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er;
No more they rend the slain
And thirst for blood no more.
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flowery bands.

—Philip Doddridge.

* * *

## UNNATURAL PARENT.

"Not that I would presume to dictate to you," said the young person's father, "or even criticise your taste, or offer any antedeluvian suggestions or advice —but for Pete's sake why have you picked out a two-spot like that Percy Pratt on whom to bestow your young affections?"

"Well!" gasped his daughter. "For a person making no remarks at all you succeed very well in getting your meaning across! And just because Percy is here at the house once in a while——"

Her father gave forth a mournful sound. "Once in a while!" he echoed. "When Percy's as omnipresent as old dog Tray! I don't dare sink into my armchair without first looking to see whether I'm about to sit on Percy—and usually I am! I turn corners in this house cautiously simply because I'm so apt to bump into Percy!

"You give him my best cigars, and I shouldn't be surprised at all to see him wearing my best neckties! I suppose that he knows the exact position of the cooky jar, where we keep the silver in case the house catches fire and he is here alone to grab it, and what to feed the canary bird! I never saw any one more perfectly at home in an alien atmosphere than Percy is!"

"It's his perfect manners!" declared the young person, hotly. "He always knows what to do at the right time and he's a regular man of the world! All the girls notice it!"

"Having had so much experience with men of the world!" murmured her parent. "The idea you girls have of a man of the world is a beautiful, leonine individual with cavernous eyes lurking under the jet-black eyebrows that look as tho they came by the yard at the shoe shop. He spends twenty-four hours of the day draped against the mantel, like a piece of pongee silk, lighting, one after the other with a mysterious grace, the cigarettes held in his white, firm fingers. Every few minutes he gives forth a deep, anguished, hopeless sigh. That is when he is thinking of The Past. Why, the carpet sweeper would run right over him and chuck him inside and never know it! Any self-respecting vacuum cleaner would——"

"You are perfectly horrid!" cried the young person with flashing eyes. "You're jealous of him because he is slim, and you are getting fat! And he talks beautifully!"

"I've heard him," admitted her father, mournfully. "What seems to make the biggest hit in Percy's repertoire is his method of throwing his voice in his throat and saying 'Little girl!' Any of your crowd weighs from ten to twenty pounds heavier than Percy, and you all are extremely well-fed, athletic-looking young women, yet Percy murmurs 'Little girl' to you and gets away with it!

"I suppose it makes you feel so timid and trustful and altogether reliant upon his great knowledge and experience. Every woman just loves to be turned into a clinging vine, whether or not! If Percy has any notion that you are a clinging vine I wish he could be present when you are trying to argue a new party gown out of me, just after I have told the family that the bank has failed and we must substitute sawdust for our regulation breakfast food! The spectacle would afford him several vivid ideas. What does he do?"

"Do?" repeated the young person, indignantly. "You speak as tho he sold ribbons! He—why, he's taking notes on life, and he's started a book. That is, he's planning it, and it is going to be perfectly wonderful! It's going to be in novel form, but filled with philosophy. He——"

"He has his work cut out for him, then," said her father. "I mean earning money enough to buy the paper and pens and ink it'll take! Has he thought of that? And have you considered what a nuisance it would be to have a husband around the house all the time wrapped in thought and everybody going on tiptoe? And the grocery and coal bills filing in thru the front door with awful regularity while he continues to be wrapped in thought? What he wants to do is to get a good, steady job washing windows or sweeping floors, or something useful like that. I'd feel different about him if he did. And if he'd buy a bottle of hair tonic for that discouraged mustache of his!"

"Well," said his daughter, in dignified tones, "I think you are awfully unfair and horribly prejudiced, and if you can't see how splendid he is it's your own fault, so there!"

"Oh, prunes! What's the use!" growled her father. "I suppose, on the whole, you'll outgrow Percy, just as you have outgrown the measles and your dolls! I guess there's no use in my worrying about it. I might as well tie a blue ribbon bow around his neck and treat him kindly while he lasts!"

"I may as well tell you," said his daughter, "that sometimes I get perfectly discouraged about you."

* * *

## The Army for Him.

Three young men walked into the naval recruiting station at the Federal Building and announced their wish to enlist. During the course of conversation it was learned that the boys had just returned from a month's summer outing, which, for the greater part, was spent in box cars and barns.

Each passed the oral examination and then came the physical. No. 1 entered the rear room, stripped, and was examined. He passed muster, as the boys express it, and No. 2 went in. He was physically sound, with the exception of his feet. As he was troubled with what is generally termed "flat foot," he was excused.

In the meantime No. 1 had dressed and was talking of his experiences to No. 3. To a query as to what happened in the rear room, No. 1 replied:

"Well, they make you take off all your clothes and then examine you from your head to your feet. They ask a lot of questions, pound you on your chest, smash you in the ribs, and then, as further proof you are healthy in body, they examine your skin."

"Great Scott," shouted No. 3, as he made for the outer door. "Let those fellows get a peek at my skin when I haven't had a bath for more than a month? Well, I should say not. It's the army for mine, not the navy."

* * *

## Asking Too Much.

John was grieving because he had no gift for his mother's birthday.

"Do not quarrel with little sister all day," suggested grandmother.

"That would be the best gift she could have," John agreed.

"Can't you see how much mother enjoyed your gift, John?" asked grandmother at night. "Why don't you do this every day?"

John drew a breath that came from his very boots.

"I'd rather die, grandma, than live like this every day!" he said fervently.

* * *

## Right at Last.

Sergeant Pfiz believed in handling his men firmly. Pausing before one recruit, he eyed him sternly.

"Now, then, pull yourself together," he barked harshly. "You're standing all wrong! Your uniform's not put on right, your buttons are dirty and you're holding your rifle like a hay fork. Let's see if you can march. Right about face!"

The recruit stood stock still and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness," he said, with resignation, "I'm right about something, anyway."

* * *

## The Michaux Z-Ray.

(Continued From Page 7.)

Jarrick drew up his trousers slightly and threw one leg over the other, flaunting his giddy red sock.

"To be sure," he admitted, "that triangle of deaths is the very fact that proves the existence of a fatal ray emanating from the black case. Let us drop into mathematics for a few seconds. Suppose we assume that a poodle dog can have heart disease and that the numerical chance of an organic being falling victim to a fatal stroke or stoppage of the heart action in the vicinity of a harmless black leather satchel were—say 1 in 300. Then what is the chance that three organic beings would meet death thru a coincidence and under the same conditions?"

Billy said nothing.

"I'm no shark on figures, Jarrick," replied Callahan. "But the chance is mighty small, I imagine."

"Mighty, mighty small," returned Jarrick, lugubriously. "The chance is exactly 1 to 300 cubed—or 1 in 27,000,000."

"Good night!" the chief exclaimed. "The Michaux Z-ray is in our midst; that's certain. But the mere fact that when McClintock left his room the compass needle wasn't affected by the black case—and that after he found Mrs. Hunter dead the needle was pointing east and west, steps in and announces its willingness to lower that 1 in 27,000,000 chance still further."

"Well, I can tell you this," said Jarrick, grimly. "The whole thing is going to be investigated if it's the last thing I ever do. And I reiterate what I said before: The Michaux Z-ray, the fatal ray, wasn't coming from that tiny satchel."

"But, why, Mr. Jarrick, don't you think it's possible," broke in Billy McClintock, "when you stated that you predicted this decade would usher it in?"

The chief opened his mouth as tho to speak. Instead he merely flashed a warning glance to Billy. But he was too late.

"Because," snapped Copelin Jarrick wrathfully, "I'm working on the invention of that same ray myself!"

This mysterious story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

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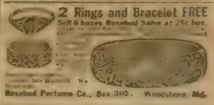
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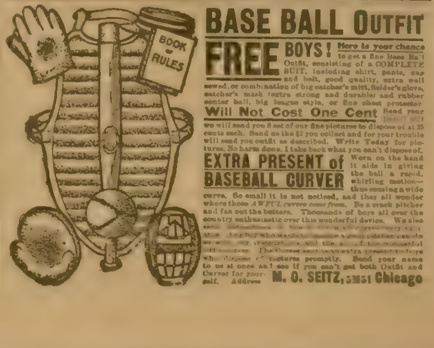
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# Tex and Mex

## Or, War Times in Mexico

### By Augustin W. Breeden.

[illegible] 916 by W. D. Boyce Co. [illegible] April 15. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back [illegible] obtained from news [illegible] nts or by mail from office of public[illegible]

PART II

IT WAS nearly daylight next morning when I was suddenly awakened by my mother whispering in my ear. "Listen, Harry," she said, "listen and tell me what you think that noise outside is."

I found her hand and squeezed it to let her know that I was awake and listening

"It's some one on horseback," I whispered, after a long wait.

"That's my judgment," said mother "I believe they think the place is deserted. They seem to be waiting and listening; they haven't spoken since they came. Let's not wake your father and sister, and maybe if they don't hear us they will pass on by without molesting us."

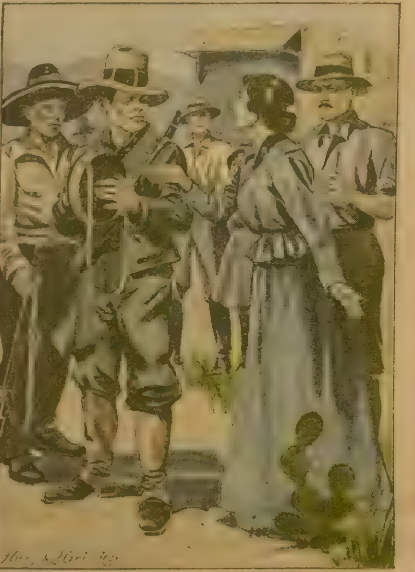
Mother and I waited and listened almost breathlessly for what seemed like hours, tho it could not have been long. No sound came from the outside save a pawing like that of an impatient horse. Not a word was spoken. Finally I felt I could stand the strain no longer, and I begged mother to let me get up and peep and see what it was. Father was sleeping like one dead after his long tramp

"You may go peep," said mother, "but be careful not to make the least particle of noise. Don't walk across the floor. Push your feet forward an inch at a time; you might knock against something and make a noise."

I followed her instructions to the letter and finally reached a tiny loophole in the cellar on a level with the ground. Then I gave a tremendous shout of joy that awakened the whole house. Day was breaking faintly, and there, pawing at the gate that led to the corral and water trough I saw dear old Tex and Mex. They had got away from the bandits and returned to those they loved

"It's Tex and Mex!" I shouted at the top of my voice. "Get up, everybody, and we'll start to the United States!"

We were all up and outdoors in a jiffy. I never saw four people any happier. We literally fell on the necks of those two scraggy old ponies and wept our joy



*My mother pleaded.*

"Dear old Tex," said my little sister, with glittering eyes; "dear old Tex, you knew we needed you, didn't you? And you came back to us—and you, too, dear old Mex—you're the dearest ponies in the world!"

We were ready to start by the middle of the forenoon, but father decided it would be better to travel principally by night, guided by the stars. So we loaded the old spring wagon with such pro[illegible]ons as we could muster, mostly a few new Irish potatoes and a few roasting ears and snap beans, put on all the water we dared to haul on account of its weight in barrels, keg[illegible], jugs, and water bags, and drove about seven miles around a spur of the mountain range and into a little sheltered cove to await nightfall.

Father left the windmill pumping away. He said perhaps some one else in dire need of water might come by, and it would prove a godsend to them We lay all that day in that little grassy canyon. My sister and I spent the time plucking certain rare wild flowers that blossomed there and planning what we would do when we got back into the [illegible] A. At dusk we started [illegible] the boundary line [illegible]

[illegible] was no moon to travel by un[illegible] midnight, but from that on there was good traveling till morning We could not reach the boundary li[illegible] in much less than five nights' tra[illegible] across that wild and untrailed des[illegible] We had taken almost water enough for us and our horses for that length of time, for we were pretty sur[illegible] was no water in the water holes along our route

Father drove at a moderate trot [illegible] ing the first night, twisting and [illegible] ing among the mesquite hills but [illegible] ing as little from a straight course as possible. Whenever it was sandy and very bad going, both sister and I got out and trotted behind the spring wagon to make the load as easy as possible on the ponies. This till midnight, and then sister lay down beside our mother in the wagon and went sound asleep. I trotted behind the wagon for two hours more, and then I, too, bunked down and went off into the land of untroubled dreams.

I knew nothing more till my mother aroused me and told me to get up to breakfast. I thought at first I was back on the ranch, and only slowly realized that we were camped in the bottom of a little dry arroyo, a deep dry creek bed with high banks, with wide open plains on each side of us.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and the September sun was blazing fiercely down. Father had kept driving that morning as long as he thought he dared to risk discovery. In [illegible] part of the forenoon we had [illegible] heavily m[illegible]uited country, w[illegible] bandits wer[illegible] not likely to [illegible] fit at any great distance; but now we were on the verge of a wide, grassy mesa, once the home of thousands of [illegible] now give[illegible] drouth [illegible] coyotes, and the rattlesnakes. The [illegible] d in the hot des[illegible] [illegible]d the whole place seemed [illegible]nly of death and desolation. [illegible]t the rest of that drowsy [illegible] lay in this spot, and at early [illegible] north again. Th[illegible] were fresh, and started across [illegible]istling dry grass at a steady trot [illegible]y promised to hold all n[illegible] [illegible]t was very much like the first [illegible]at sister and I did le[illegible] trotting behind the wagon and went to sleep earlier.

I was awakened this second morning by a boisterous noise that was only too familiar to me. I looked out and saw that it was between daybreak and sunrise. I also saw that the bandits were upon us and surrounding us. They rode in a circle around our outfit and brought it to a stop. I heard a dozen of them demanding agua frio, cold water, in loud tone[illegible]

"Yes, companeros," said my father in Mexican, "you shall have all the agua frio you can drink. We haven't much, but I will give you all a drink, if you will only tell me where the next sweet water hole is"

"You are a dirty gringo and a friend to the Maderistas, and you shall give us all the water we want for ourselves and for our horses," cried two or three, with the vilest of oaths.

"I will give you men all the water you want to drink, but I beg of you to leave me enough for my little girl and my sick wife till we can reach a water hole."

"A water hole! A water hole!" cried two or three, derisively. "Listen to the crazy gringo. Meester, it has been muy caliente, very hot, this summer; and the water holes are all dried up. Maybe there is one here, maybe one there, quien sabe—who knows? But a Porfirista's horse is as good as a gringo; and you shall give us all your water for our horses."

It was in vain that my father argued and that my mother pleaded.

"Agua frio, mucha agua frio!" they kept shouting; and amid uncouth laughter and much jostling, they drank all the water their hides would hold, and then began to fill their canteens and offer the water to their horses. My mother tried to hide a small keg from them, but it was no use. One big villain snatched it away from her, knocked the head out of it with the butt of his Mauser, and poured the water out on the sand, meanwhile laughing and cursing and crying: 'Agua frio, mucha agua frio." Father warned us all to get a drink; and we drank at the same time the bandits and their horses did and from the same vessels.

As they were galloping away, having searched us all for valuables and eaten up every bit of our food, except a little that father succeeded in concealing, my father called to them and begged them once more to tell him where he could find a water hole.

"Maybe to the right!" shouted the leader. "Maybe to the left; and maybe straight ahead! Quien sabe? The water hole is where the water is. Ha ha, ha! Adios, adios!"

"I wish I had my Winchester," began my father. "I'd make——" But my gentle mother laid her hand upon his arm.

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said sadly. "But listen, father, we must not waste any time in vain regrets. What are your plans?"

"Straight ahead," replied my father, "before the thirst of the day is added to the thirst of the night for poor old Tex and Mex. I only wish those scoundrels had waited till I had watered the ponies this morning. As it is, I gave them only a short stint last night, and they are already thirsty."

* * * * *

I shall never forget that terrible day, nor the days and nights that succeeded it. We crept forward under the merciless, blazing sun across the miles and miles of desert. My father let the ponies walk, walking beside them or behind the spring wagon most of the time. I wanted to walk beside father, but he would not permit it more than half the time. Those ponies could get forward without a driver about as well as with one, and mother took the reins whenever the going was bad. At noon we rested for two hours in the bottom of a little narrow arroyo, and the ponies nibbled at the short dry grass.

"I'm glad of one thing," said father. "Those cutthroats had humanity enough about them to leave us Tex and Mex. We should certainly have been bad off without them."

As a matter of fact, one and another of the bandits had cast an appraising eye from time to time upon our ponies, and one had started once to undo the traces. I think in their eating and drinking and ribaldry, they had merely forgotten to take them.

We started north again at about two o'clock in the afternoon; but about five the ponies seemed to be so fagged out that father decided to give them another rest till dark. They had been going then for nearly twenty-four hours without a drop of water, and for more than forty-eight hours on short rations. And this in the desert means more than it does in regions of rivers and rainfall. There is something about the dry desert air that seems to parch the skin and throat, taking all the moisture out of man or beast and inducing the terrible desert thirst, the like of which does not exist for torture.

At dusk we started north again. My father put me to driving this time, while he continued to walk behind the wagon. I was thirsty, terribly thirsty, as we all were. But none of us said anything about it. We were all worried about mother's condition, fearing that all this suffering might make her tuberculosis worse. However, she seemed to be holding up the best of any of us. We drove till long after midnight, my father and I taking turns driving and walking behind the wagon. Then the horses began to stagger as if they would fall in their traces. They had probably been hard pushed on short rations ever since the day the Mexicans had first stolen them from us, and they were none too young.

"Here, this won't do," said my father. "We'll have to give the ponies another rest."

We remained on that spot till daylight and all the succeeding day, while the poor ponies nibbled at the dry grass and found a few mesquite beans to eat. We lay under the wagon on the hot sand, while the sun sent shimmering heat waves all around us, making beautiful blue mirages looking like lakes of water on the wide desert floor. I knew well that these blue lakes were only the effect of the heated strata of air, yet more than once I was tempted to ask my father to take a good look at one and see if it were not a sure enough lake of water.

My mother's face became pale and pinched, and my poor little sister had a long cry on father's shoulder. And I could see now that father and mother were getting really anxious about our condition. In the afternoon they walked away from where sister and I were lying and talked long and earnestly in low tones. They looked at sister and me from time to time, and I knew they were planning some way to save us, even at the expense of their own lives.

About sunset father called me aside. "Your mother and I have a plan," he said, in a cool, businesslike tone, that I could see was assumed. "The ponies will never be able to pull the wagon to the international boundary. Our plan is for you and your sister to get on them and ride to the boundary and send out a rescue party after us. It is really our only hope."

I thought I saw thru his scheme at once. It was merely a plan to rescue sister and me, even if they two perished in the desert.

"Let my sister and mother go," I said. "Mother is not so sick but that she can sit a horse, and if she is, then she is too sick to stay behind and wait for a rescue party."

But mother would not hear of my staying behind, and I would not hear of her staying behind, and so at dark we started forward again. I am sure that some who read this narrative could tell what we could have done to get across the boundary before our ponies gave completely out. Such a one has perhaps never been in the great Southwest. We discussed every scheme that held out any promise of hope.

We had got into a region of deep sand, where the spring wagon pulled back horribly. My father wanted to push—he wanted to help those faithful ponies some way; but he was too weak to help except by walking. And still he let me walk by his side, tho I had to hold to the tailboard of the wagon to keep from falling. We proceeded thus for three or four hours, and were not covering two miles an hour and going slower all the time.

Finally mother brought the team to a halt. "Father," she said, "it's not to get to the boundary that we want so much as to get to a water hole. Perhaps if we turn the ponies loose and you follow behind them, they may go to a water hole. The man we bought Mex from said she knew every water hole in this region, and I have heard that horses can smell water for miles and miles. Let's try it if you think you're able to walk and follow them."

"Let's try this, mother," replied my father, oh, so gently. "Let's unhitch them and take off their bridles and set them free, but you and sister stay on their backs, and Harry and I will come on behind. Then if they find water we shall all be there."

We tried the experiment. It was a dreadful one. That night, staggering thru those sand hills at the heels of the ponies, that dreadful night will always remain in my memory like the remembrance of an awful dream. At first the horses would go forward aimlessly, and then they would stop dead still as if they wanted to sleep. We kept urging them on, and finally they took a little better pace and changed their course a little toward the west. Still they were prone to stop—to go nowhere at all.

My father became desperate. "We'd better turn their heads north and beat them forward," he said. "I don't believe they know where the water is any more than we do."

"Let's try them a little longer," said mother. "Perhaps they will adopt a definite course directly, and then we can push them a little."

The ponies did finally adopt a straight course, almost due west; and we began to urge them, all we were able. But urging did no good; they were giving us all they had in them. I learned two things that night: a man has nearly as much physical endurance as a horse; and a boy has more physical endurance than a man.

About midnight father fell face downward in the sand, and when I ran to him I found he was unconscious. I called to mother and she got off her pony and walked back to where he lay. We were some time rousing him; and when we did we put him on old Tex, while she got up on Mex with sister. I staggered on blindly behind. My mother kept calling to me from time to time, and every little while she would halt the ponies and wait for me to come up.

My sister wanted to get down and walk with me. Mother wanted me to take her place and let her walk alone. But finally my father, having rested long enough to regain his strength, got down, and then he and I mustered all the energy we had and began to urge those poor staggering ponies forward. We began at a trot, but were soon staggering forward at a slow walk. A part of the journey I do not remember at all. It was like a dream. But at daylight we reached a water hole.

"Water! Water! Water!" we all cried, while we laughed and wept. Agua frio! Mucha agua frio."

We drank, and the ponies drank with us; we bathed our faces, our hands, our feet. Then father succeeded in killing a thirsty jack rabbit with a clod, and we had him roasted for our breakfast. Then we rested and drank and bathed for the remainder of the day, while Tex and Mex grazed on the tender green grass that grew near the pool.

Thus refreshed we turned north at dusk, and reached the boundary the next forenoon, weary and travel sore, but the happiest little group you ever saw. A line rider and a U. S. cavalryman secured us conveyance to a nearby town, where we were soon made comfortable.

"Dear old Tex—dear old Mex!" said my little sister, as she fairly hugged the faithful ponies. "We'll always keep you with us and care for you, for you saved our lives. If it hadn't been for you, we'd have all been dead now."

And the faithful ponies put their muzzles to her neck caressingly as if they wanted to kiss her. I think a horse very often knows what is said to him, altho he cannot answer, and I believe those ponies realized that they had saved our lives.

All this was some time ago now, and we have been living in New Mexico, in the United States ever since, and mother's trouble has almost disappeared. She says she thinks she can live in New Mexico until she dies of old age; it is so healthful, and certainly none of us have a desire to go back into Old Mexico after our tragic experience.

Tex and Mex are still our most faithful friends, and they will be our pensioners till they die.

In next week's Ledger you will find a new story by Captain Jack Judson, entitled, "Black Horse Ben; or, Liberty's Lone Scout." It is a most interesting story of a boy's pluck and bravery during the Revolutionary war. If you let it get by you without reading it you will miss a real treat.

The End.

* * *

## Feathered Humorist.

Alluding, of course, to the catbird. He has more whimsies than a minor poet, more shaky humors than a circus clown. He can't even make love seriously. And he's a loafer. He sits on a bough at a brookside out in the country, at early morning, his hat over one eye and his head cocked sportily at an angle; so sitting, he whistles love lyrics to his little gray mate busily engaged collecting materials for a nest.

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But he can't behave; just as his passionate love notes have lured her momentarily off the job of nest-building, to turn and regard him with pleased eyes, the whimsical rascal throws his head back and meows like a cat, or caws like a crow—it's all a joke to him.

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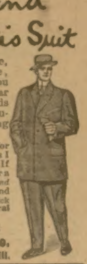

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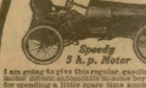

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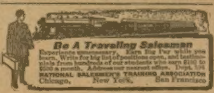

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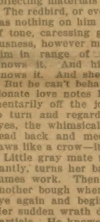

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selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger, Farming Business and Lone Scout. These are the greatest weekly papers, and people in every town want someone they can buy from each week. We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you at one time, on Friday. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman or boy. Easy to sell and build up a route of steady customers. Only one report for you to make out each week. You make 2c on every nickel you take in for sale of Blade, Ledger, Farming Business, and 1c on each 2c you take in on Lone Scout. You can't lose. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. **Each active agent for our papers is appointed a Lone Scout** by Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts, who sends badge and certificate of membership and a booklet of instructions in this great organization. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit. We tell you how to get customers.

............COUPON FILL OUT TODAY AND SEND TO US.........

I accept the agency for your 4 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. I will be pleased to receive my certificate of membership in the Lone Scouts and badge and booklet of instructions from Chief Totem.

Name ..........................................

Street or R. F. D. No ..........................................

Age ..............Town ....................State ............ C. L.

# THE FAIRY CORNER

## BUNNY'S EASTER.

He was a very little rabbit and exceedingly white, and he had one pink eye and one blue one. His ears were pink, also, and they looked like the little shells that come from the fairy islands. One would think that such a pretty creature must always be happy, but it wasn't so with Bunny Rabbit.

He was an orphan, having lost both his parents recently in the depths of a large pie; so he was all alone in the world and had started out to seek his fortune, crying away as hard as he could cry, for he not only was lonesome, but hungry and cold.

He didn't know where to look for that fortune, but he was bound to keep looking, anyhow. It was springtime when he started out—Sunday morning, too—and the dewdrops winked at him and the big sun smiled down at him and everything seemed so cheerful that Bunny was sure that he had taken the right road to find the fortune.

Nature, too, was wide awake and was putting on her best clothes, and Bunny was so interested in watching the wild flowers pop out of their buds and blink at him that he almost forgot to cry. Little birds also sang little songs to him from their little perches, and finally Bunny decided to forget his grief altogether, and he did forget it forthwith.

It was just at that moment that Mr. Robin looked down from the cedar tree and saw Bunny. Mr. Robin had spent every minute since the first peep of day sitting about and singing: "Tiddelly wink! Tudelly wunk!" until a bluejay asked him if that was all the tune he knew, and if so, why?

Mr. Robin had seen many a rabbit in his time, but never one as white as Bunny, so he stood on one leg and stared with all his might. Bunny stopped and made a nice, polite bow and said: "Good day, sir. Could you tell me where a little white rabbit could find a safe place to live?"

"Sure," said the robin. "Help yourself. Any place is a good place today." And then Mr. Robin stuck out his red waistcoat and began all over again: "Tiddelly wink! Tudelly wunk!"

"Oh, dear!" said Bunny, beginning to cry again. "I'll never find my fortune at this rate, nor a home either." So he sat there on his hind legs feeling very lonesome and discouraged, when along came Miss Mourning Dove. She stopped also and looked at Bunny. Then she sang: "Look at th' coo-coo-coo-oo-o." "I'm not!" said Bunny, angrily. "I'm a rabbit." "Oh, you needn't get mad about it," said Miss Mourning Dove. "I didn't mean any harm, and altho I'm a mourning dove, I'm very happy this morning, and I wouldn't hurt anybody's feelings for anything." Then she flew away on her funny, squeaky wings and Bunny tried to cheer up again. Just then thru the sunshine there came a wonderful company. Right in the center walked a great, tawny lion. With him was a wolf, also a bear and a leopard, and right among those fierce beasts were two little lambs, a kid, and a young red and white calf. This was wonderful enough, but there was something stranger still, for with the animals, and leading them, one pink hand on the lion's mane, was a little golden-haired child all in white.

Bunny didn't feel in the least afraid, so he sat and waited till this strange group came near and seated themselves on the soft, mossy ground. Then all the people of the woods drew near and asked where those strangers came from and how they came to be in each other's company. "Oh, don't you know?" cried the little child. "This is Easter morning. Love and peace have arisen all over the world and no one can hurt another where love is."

That was good news to the woods dwellers and there was great rejoicing. To show how glad they were, everybody brought offerings to the child. Each one just took what he had and brought it—nuts, apple blossoms, lilies, lilacs, and blue violets. The birds brought their eggs. Such a gay lot they were, with blue ones from the robins and speckled ones from lark and sparrow. The kingbirds decorated their eggs with big crimson splotches, but the whip-poor-will couldn't find her color box, so she brought her eggs plain white.

The little child accepted these things with a happy smile, and then, because Bunny was so pure and white and clean, he set him in the very center of the pile of eggs and the whole woods rang with the song of rejoicing for very gladness that peace and love had come to every living thing. Why, even Mr. Robin learned a new tune and Miss Mourning Dove made her songs a bit more cheerful.

By and by night came down over the woods and the stars shone out in the sky. The birds were chirping sleepily in their nests, but before he closed his eyes Bunny heard them say: "Don't you remember there was a child once before—a baby—and wise men brought him presents. There was something about 'peace' and 'love' then, too. Isn't this child the very same?" And everybody in the deep woods answered: "The very same."

❦

## EASTER TIME.

While we look forward from Easter we may also look back at the festival itself as it has come to us from a time so far distant that nobody can put down a date and say, "Here Easter began." Indeed, this day is a great mixture of pagan, Jewish and Christian ideas, tho it stands out to us as a church festival to commemorate the resurrection of Christ. Mythology tells us about Ostera, the goddess of spring; the Jewish race looks back to a deliverance that has been commemorated by the passover feast for centuries, and the records of the early Christian church tell us how the date for Easter was regulated by a council, and how other festivals were reckoned from it.

This is the time when life shows itself in the seed. Take seeds that are covered by a hard shell with soft fruit all around it. Birds eat the fruit, but they cannot open the shells and so they drop them, carrying them perhaps some distance from the place where the fruit was discovered. That is the reason we find cherries, grapes and cedar saplings scattered thru the woods—the cedar tree has fruit that birds like.

Then there are the hard nuts of our nut-bearing trees, every one containing a seed—birds do not carry these about. No, but squirrels do. They bury them and do not find them again sometimes. Then the forgotten nut freezes and remains frozen all winter, but in the spring it thaws and bursts open and the warmth and moisture of the soil bring the germ in the kernel to life, and we have a tree in course of time.

But we don't put seeds with thin coats, like peas, beans, etc., in the ground till we are ready to have them germinate and grow. Freezing would destroy them, so we keep them safely thru the winter, knowing all the while that the seed germ is inside, and that it will do just what we expect of it in the proper time—Easter time—the rising time.

❦

## A BETTER WAY.

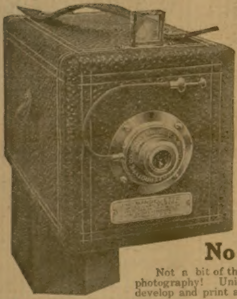
He lost the game; no matter for that—
He kept his temper, and swung his hat
To cheer the winners. A better way
Than to lose his temper and win the day.

❦

Some people are like cider—sweet enough until it is time to work.

No Money In Advance

This Marvelous
CAMERA



On FREE TRIAL!

Only 10,000 of these marvelous, instantaneous picture-taking and making cameras to be sent out absolutely on approval without a penny in advance just to prove that it is the most wonderful invention—the camera sensation of the age. So **you** must send for it **quick!** Just think of it—the new Mandel-ette

Takes and Makes Finished Pictures
INSTANTLY!

You press the button, drop card in developer and in **one minute** take out a **perfect, finished** post card photo 2½x3½ inches in size. Camera, itself, is about 4½x5x7 inches. Loads in daylight 16 to 50 post cards at one time.

No Films—No Plates—No Dark Room

Not a bit of the muss and bother of the ordinary kodak or camera. It is instantaneous photography! Universal focus lens produces sharp pictures at all distances. Pictures develop and print automatically. Can't overdevelop. Results positively amazing.

Better Pictures—Less Bother

I received your Mandel-ette Outfit yesterday and after trying it out today, I must indeed express my astonishment at the work that can be done with it. The first three pictures that I had taken were better than most of the snap shots that I took with a film camera, and there is much less bother and work in making the pictures. I have shown it to a number of people today and I am sure that you will be able to sell at least 75 or 100 here if you would have some way of demonstrating the goods. I am going to show my outfit to everyone that I meet and you can rest assured that I will do my best in boosting your wonder camera.
L. M. BROWN, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Wouldn't Sell It At Any Price

I received my Mandel-ette and am much pleased with it. I took some pictures and even though it was a cloudy day, they came out just grand. I wouldn't sell the camera at any price.
SUSIE KINSEL, Gloucester, N. J.

Surprised At Fine Pictures

I am making some fine pictures with no trouble at all. All who see my Mandel-ette Camera say that it is fine and they are surprised when I make a perfect picture in one minute.
WALTER G. HERMAN, Newburg, Ore.

We Trust You

No difference who you are, where you live or what your age, we will send you the complete Mandel-ette outfit absolutely on approval and give you ten days to test it. If not satisfactory return it. But when you see what elegant pictures it takes—so quick, so easy, with no trouble at all—if you wish to keep it you simply send us $1 per month until our special price of only $5 is paid.

Easy Payments—
No Reference

No red tape of any kind. Monthly payments so small you'll not notice them. Simply fill out and send coupon today. Send no money. No references required. Lots of fun and big profits.

No Experience Required

Plain instructions and everything complete with outfit so you can begin taking pictures the moment it arrives. We guarantee that even a child can operate it. Mail coupon now. No risk or obligation to keep camera.

Chicago Ferrotype
Company,
Desk 320 Ferrotype Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois

Friend Sends Order

My Mandel-ette arrived early Saturday morning O. K. Thirty minutes after it arrived I took my first picture and it was a great success. Any person after mastering your simple instructions should get good results with your Mandel-ette. I don't see how I ever got along without one.

After I had unpacked mine, my friend, Theo. Murdoch, New Petersburg, Ohio, came along and he was so enthused over it he sent for one the same morning. Several more of my friends are thinking of sending for Cameras in the near future.
HERMAN R. STOEBEL, Greenfield, Ohio.

No Chance For Mistake

Your special outfit reached me by express this morning. It sure is all you claim it to be and there is no danger of my sending it back, as the first picture I took was of my wife and two children and it is the best I have ever seen.

That was the first time in my life that I have ever tried to take a picture, in fact, it is the first time that I have ever used a camera of any kind and by following your instructions in the circular there is no chance to make a mistake.
TOMMY WEST, Louisville, Ky.

$18.00 In Two Days

I wish to say that I am well pleased with your camera. I am using my Mandel-ette this week at the Bedford County Fair. I have made about $18 so far with my Mandel-ette and today is only Tuesday.
IKE THURMAN, Jr., Shelbyville, Tenn.

Make It Pay In 2 or 3 Hours

I received your camera O. K. and am well pleased with it. I have already made some dandy pictures and I am sure I can make it pay for itself in two or three hours. Enclosed find orders for more cards.
J. B. HONEYCUTT, Beelog, N. C.

Camera Success—Want Agency

As I have bought one of your Mandel-ette Cameras and found it to be very successful in taking pictures, I wish to make application to become your agent. I have several young men here who are anxious to buy one and I will send you their orders as soon as I hear from you.
GEO. REUTIC, Ft. Collins, Colo.

More Than Paid For Itself

I am very pleased with the Mandel-ette Camera. I have made some very good pictures with it and it has already more than paid for itself.
CHAS. E. MEARS, Jasonville, Ind.

Chicago Ferrotype Company,
Desk 320 Ferrotype Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once complete model Mandel-ette outfit including supply of post cards and instructions. I agree to examine and test it thoroughly and if satisfied pay you $1 a month until your special price of $5.00 is paid, otherwise I will return it at the end of 10 days.

Name ..............................

Street and No. ..............................

Town .............................. State ..............................

# Ledger's Embroidery Corner

We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra.

These designs are already stamped on the best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described.

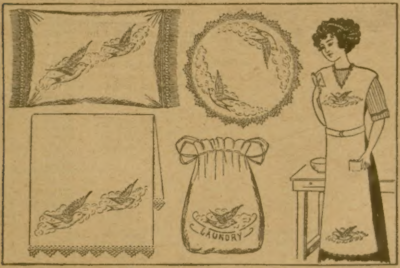
You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them. Any person can earn one or all of the designs shown by sending us the amount of subscriptions to either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade, required in the description under each article.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade $1.00 a year each; 6 months for 50 cents.

The Blade and Ledger together $1.50 a year (52 issues); 6 months for 75 cents; 4 months 50 cents.

## OUR BLUEBIRD EMBROIDERY DESIGNS.



Bluebird Embroidery Designs.

Bluebird subjects are entirely different from set flowers, fruits, and conventional designs, which have been used in the past few seasons. They are taking precedence over all other designs for their popularity. Every one of the articles shown above, even to the Fudge Apron, showing the two birds, is tinted in artistic and beautiful shades of blue, and the lines to be worked are in black.

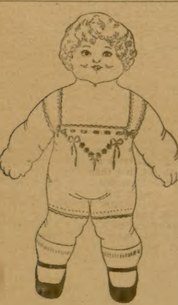
**THE LAUNDRY BAG DESIGN** is tinted on oatmeal cloth, size 17x25 inches. Included with each are six skeins of colored floss for working. Will be sent for $2.00 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to either the Blade or Ledger.

**THE PILLOW TOP DESIGN** is tinted on oatmeal cloth, size 17x21 inches. Included with each are a back and six skeins of floss for working. Will be sent for $1.50 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to either the Blade or the Ledger.

**THE CENTERPIECE DESIGN** is tinted on oatmeal cloth, size 25 x25 inches. Included with each are six skeins of floss for working. Will be sent for $1.50 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to either the Blade or Ledger.

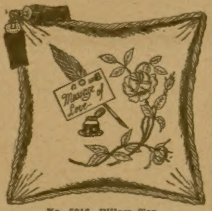
**THE SCARF DESIGN** is tinted on oatmeal cloth, size 17x50 inches. Included with each are six skeins of floss for working. The scarf will be forwarded to any one sending $2.00 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to either the Blade or the Ledger.

**THE FUDGE APRON DESIGN** is tinted on white art cloth. Regular ¾ length slip-over style. Included with each are four skeins of floss for working. The apron will be sent without cost for a year's subscription, new or renewal, at $1.00, to either the Blade or the Ledger.



No. 5027, Muslin Dolls in Colors.

**NO. 5027, DOLLS IN COLORS ON MUSLIN**—Cutey is 17 inches tall, and her baby is 6½ inches tall. They are the finest playmates any little girl could wish for. The limbs are movable and they can't be broken; you can bend them around and drop them without hurting. If you are a little girl or boy, have your mother or father send for these dollies right away, or if you have a friend who has a birthday soon, they will more than please her. Cutey and her baby come on one sheet of heavy cloth, in beautiful colors, ready to sew up and stuff; we also include a stamped design dress for Cutey, with enough floss for working. Thousands of little ones all over the country have been made happy with Cutey and her baby. Both dolls in colors given for a year's subscription, new or renewal, to either The Saturday Blade or the Chicago Ledger, for $1.00.

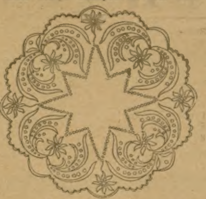


No. 5016, Pillow Top.

**NO. 5016, PILLOW TOP**—Beautifully tinted in artistic colors on tan ticking, measures 21x21 inches. We also include a back of tan Holland linene and six skeins of colored floss for working. The pillow top will be sent, postpaid, together with a year's subscription, new or renewal, to either the Blade or Ledger, for $1.00.

**NO. 1742, CENTERPIECE.**—Stamped on real white Irish linen, size 18x18 inches, including four skeins of cotton floss. Given for $1 in subscriptions.

Same design stamped on real white Irish linen, size 36x36 inches, including six skeins of cotton floss. Given with a year's subscription to the Blade and the Ledger for $1.50.



No. 1742, Centerpiece.

* * *

Makers of alarm clocks are among those who do a rousing business.

### FILLED UP.

Ho, ho! How very funny
To see a little bunny
In the middle of a basket full of eggs!
Whew! I guess there was a racket
When they made him wear a jacket
And a pair of knickerbockers on his legs.
But there's something worse than that!
Above his blue cravat
They took his saucy little head clean off.
Filled him up with candy, then
Neatly screwed it on again.
Now, the bunny is afraid to sneeze or cough.

* * *

### Hopeful Disposition.

"What did you say about Chugson?"

"He must be an optimist."

"Why so?"

"Look at the kind of car he goes touring in."

"Well?"

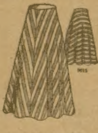
"And he makes engagements to meet people when he gets back, as if there were no possibility of his never returning."

# PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

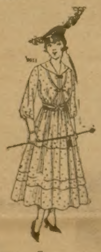
## Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

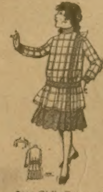
We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



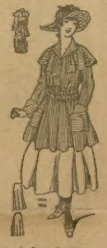
9015 Circular Skirt, 24 to 32 waist.



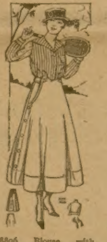
9011 Gown with Tucked Skirt, 34 to 42 bust.



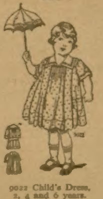
8903 Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years.



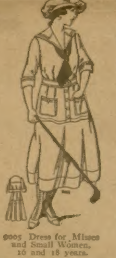
9016 Coat for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.
8628 Two-Piece Skirt, for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



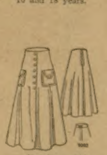
8806 Blouse with Shoulder Piece, 36 to 46 bust.
9020 Two-Piece Skirt with or without Pockets, 24 to 34 waist.



9022 Child's Dress, 2, 4 and 6 years.



9005 Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



9002 Four Piece Skirt, 24 to 34 waist.

## HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

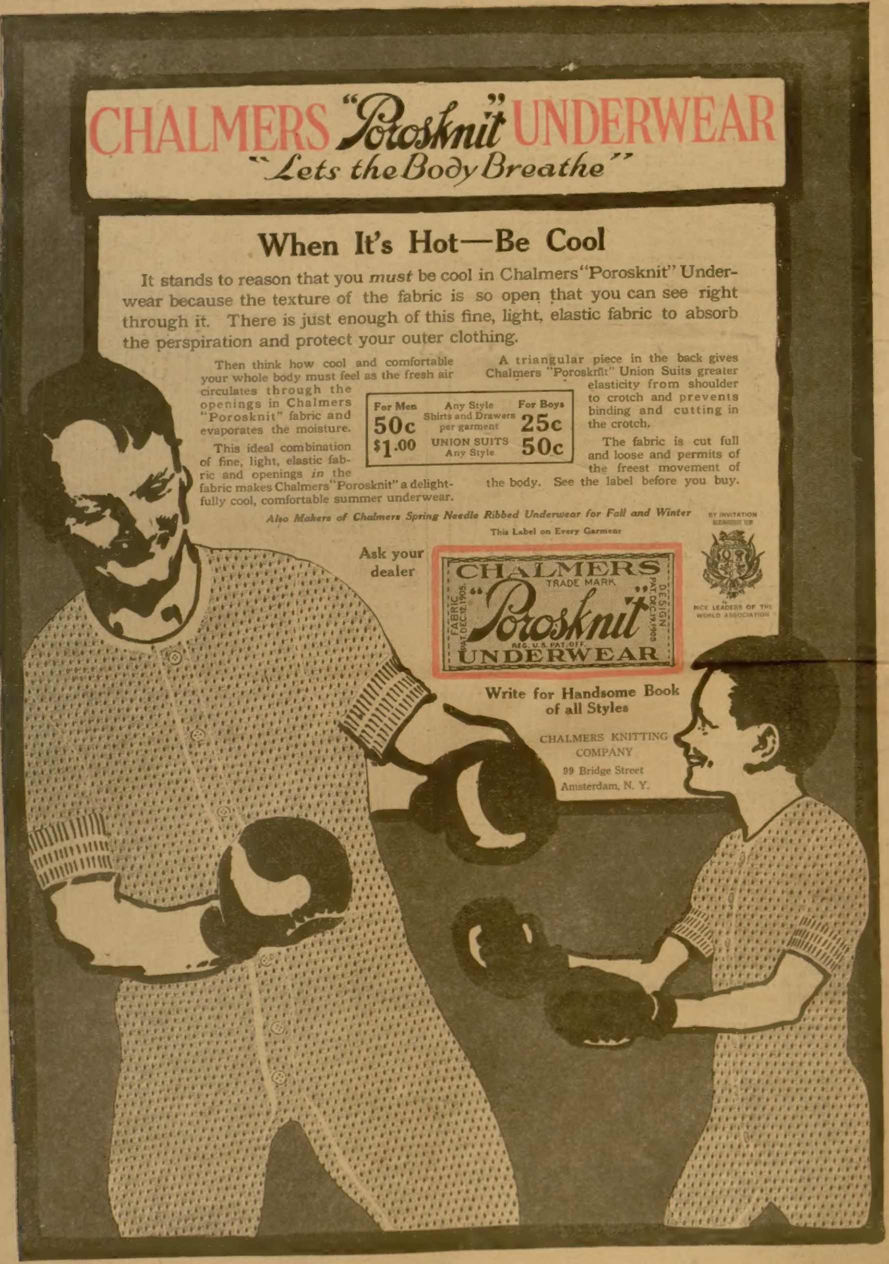
..........................CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US..........................

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. **Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.**

NAME..........................................................................
Street No.
or R. F. D.....................................................................
Box............Town.............................................................
This is a..................Subscription. State.........................
(New or Renewal)

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**



# CHALMERS "Porosknit" UNDERWEAR

*"Lets the Body Breathe"*

## When It's Hot—Be Cool

It stands to reason that you *must* be cool in Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear because the texture of the fabric is so open that you can see right through it. There is just enough of this fine, light, elastic fabric to absorb the perspiration and protect your outer clothing.

Then think how cool and comfortable your whole body must feel as the fresh air circulates through the openings in Chalmers "Porosknit" fabric and evaporates the moisture.

This ideal combination of fine, light, elastic fabric and openings *in* the fabric makes Chalmers "Porosknit" a delightfully cool, comfortable summer underwear.

A triangular piece in the back gives Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits greater elasticity from shoulder to crotch and prevents binding and cutting in the crotch.

The fabric is cut full and loose and permits of the freest movement of the body. See the label before you buy.

| For Men | Any Style | For Boys |
|---|---|---|
| 50c | Shirts and Drawers per garment | 25c |
| $1.00 | UNION SUITS Any Style | 50c |

*Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear for Fall and Winter*

This Label on Every Garment

**Ask your dealer**

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DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19, 1905

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